

Medals for Bartenders--\$150 Worth

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1903.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—No. 1355.
Price, 10 Cents.

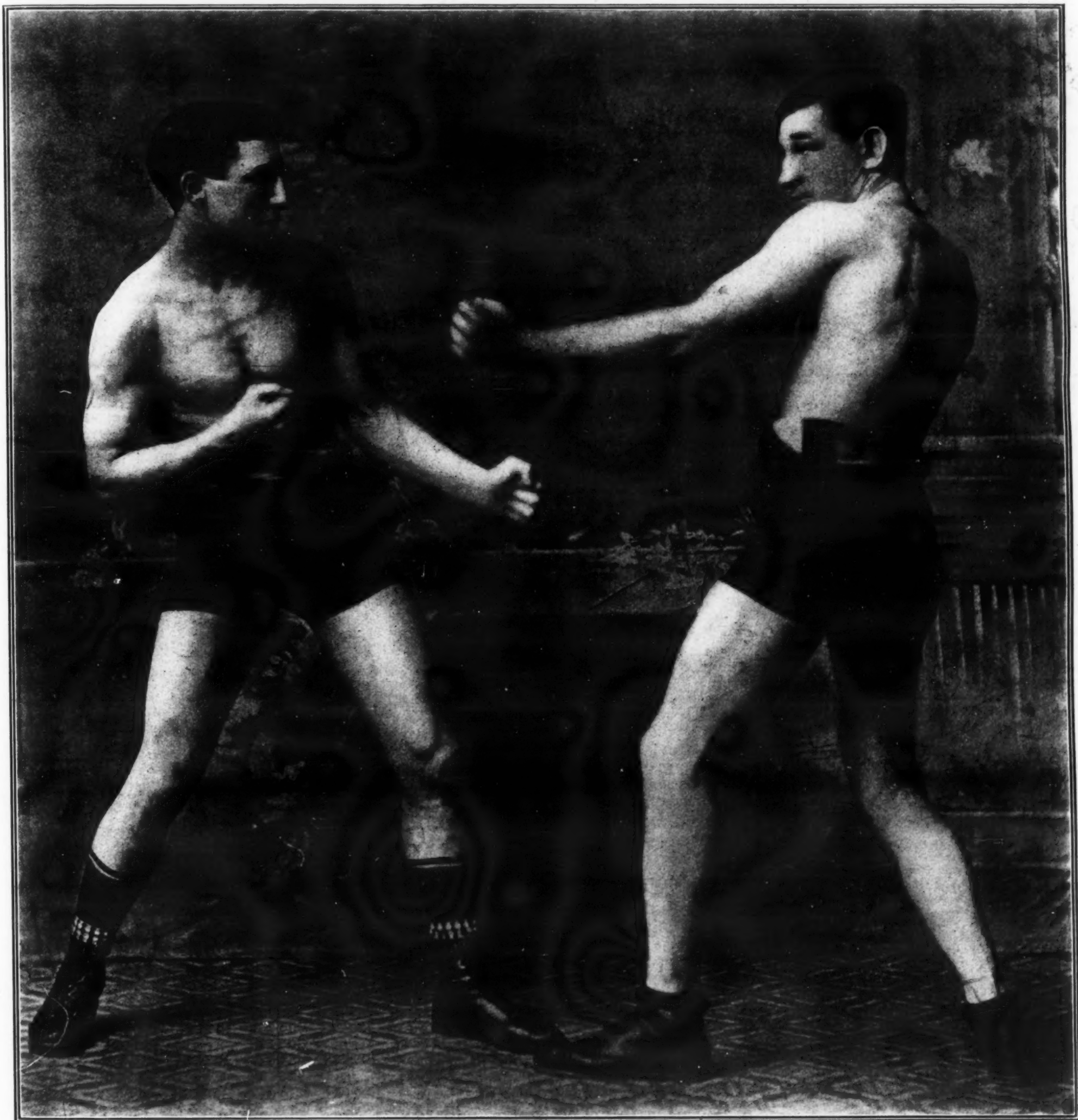


Photo by Brooks: Buffalo

ABE ATTELL AND KID ABEL.

ATTELL IS AFTER A MATCH WITH THE BEST IN THE FEATHERWEIGHT DIVISION.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, August 1, 1903.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
as Second-class Mail Matter.

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CHALLENGES.

If You Are Looking For a Contest
You'll Find It Here.

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Hank Hazelton, the Albany fighter, is ready to meet any boxer in his class.

"Kid" Abel, of Chicago, announces that he is ready to box anybody at 122-25 pounds.

Art Simms, the Akron lightweight, is out with a challenge to box any lightweight, Willie Fitzgerald preferred.

Ole Bradison, of Edgerton, Wis., is a middleweight boxer and wrestler who is anxious for a match. Address Box 158.

I hereby challenge any heavyweight in the world, barring Jeffries, Jack Munroe preferred. Con Coughlin, the Irish Giant.

I challenge any baseball team in Minnesota and Wisconsin to meet the Fort Snelling, Minn., nine for the State championship. Henry Sellers.

I will match my eighteen-months-old bitch, Lilly, weight seven pounds, against any dog of like weight for \$250. Pete Ruby, 318 Broome Street, New York City.

Prof. Charles Leonhardt, of Newark, N. J., would like to meet Americus, of Baltimore, in a wrestling match for a side bet, or any of the middleweights for a side bet.

I hereby challenge any man of my weight, 142 pounds, to compete with me in a backlifting contest or putting up heavy dumb-bell. Hector Prince, 56 Concord street, Manchester, N. H.

The baseball team of Company F, 25th Infantry, Fort Reno, Okla., challenge any amateur team in Oklahoma or the Indian Territory. George C. Garlick, Corporal, Company F, 25th Infantry, Fort Reno, Okla.

John Williams, of Corsicana, Tex., who last season worked for B. W. Williams, of Waxahachie, picked 48,620 pounds of cotton during the season, picking as high as 1,037 pounds in one day. He challenges anyone in this country to meet him in a contest.

THE ROUGH SOUBRETTE —ONE OF MANY— TELLS HER TALE OF WOE

Her Bitter Experience With a Cold-Blooded Manager who
Had the Heart of a Mormon.

SHE KNEW WHEN SHE HAD ENOUGH AND QUIT.

How a Falling Piece of Scenery Brought a Happy Termination to an Ardent
Lover's Wooing—Harry Ferguson Talks.

"IT'S a bloomin' queer thing," said the Rough Soubrette, "how many tarts a guy can keep on his string without them getting next to the fact that he's a Mormon in his heart. They all think they're it, and they're all conning and stringing themselves to a hot finish. Many a sport is carrying enough excess baggage in the line of petticoats to start an ace-high burlesque show, and that's the reason you see so many with gray hair and with no hair at all. I know a fellow whose coco is shiny from the ears up from trying to keep things straight at home and run three flats at the same time, and to tell you the truth, I was one of a racing stable myself, until the day before yesterday, when I got next, handed in my card and quit, but you can bet I gave the Willie boy that was stringing me the tongue-lashing of his life before I let go—and right in front of the Dewey Theatre, too.

"No good of mentioning names. That ain't my graft. He'll get his all right, without any more from me, and he'll get it good, too.

"You see, when he butted into the show business I thought I was going to be a head-liner, and I went to him and I says:

"Put me in, Bill; you know I can make good anywhere, from Coney Island to the Metropolitan Opera House."

"You're right you can, old girl," says he, "and you're going in on this with both feet. I'm going to give you the chance of your life."

"Well, what did I do on the strength of that but go off and blow myself inside out to the swellest wardrobe that money could buy. Why, say, I had Langtry skinned to death when it come to stage dresses. I made three changes, including hat and parasol, and I was going to finish with a buck dance in pink silk tights. I wasn't with Billy Watson's show for three seasons without knowing I had the goods and could deliver them.

"I had Cooney, of Cook and Sylvia, rehearse me in some new steps, and say, just keep your eye on Sylvia—she's a comer, all right, if she only gets treated decent and has a show. Why, I knew her when—but that don't make no difference. She's all right, and she'll be at the top when a lot of those Fourteenth street knockers are looking for dates in Palm Garden.

"Well, after I got my act shaped up, I went over and saw this guy—I could think of a worse name than that, but it wouldn't be lady-like.

"I'm ready," says I.

"He was standing out in front of the theatre.

"Didn't I tell you what I'd do for you?" says he.

"You did."

"Well, I'm no four-flusher, even if I have auburn

anxious. Go in and see the show and tell me what you think of it."

"Can't they give you the good old con, though? He can, anyhow. But in I went. That same night I found out there was four other soubrettes he had passed in on the same game of talk, and that the real one was on



Photo by J. B. Wilson: Chicago.

GLORIA MARTINEZ.

Professionally Known as the Beautiful Cuban.

the stage, drawing her little old salary, and giving us all the laugh.

"Never mind how I found out. He may think I'm a dead one, and maybe I am, but I'll give you a tip that I ain't sent for any ice yet, and if the growler holds out, I'll live till the fall, anyhow.

"Nerve? I should say so. Take his nerve away from him and there wouldn't be anything left but a celluloid collar button. Why, I saw a fellow who was in the box office, and he told me he had passed in thirteen soubrettes in one week. That breaks the record, all right, I guess. I think he's trying to be a "Police Gazette" champion.

"Say, if you see him, ask him about the time that Fanny trimmed him with the poker."

A young woman who sings in vaudeville was accidentally struck with a piece of scenery not long ago and when she came to her senses, the manager of the show, who is familiar with the handling of fighters, was working over her like a second over a conquered gladiator.

When she was able to sit up, he lifted her to a comfortable seat in a chair and sent for a doctor.

Ever since then she has been calling him pet names and he is wearing her locket on his watch chain.

See what it is to be wise.

[It is said that he caused the scenery to fall and hit her, but his friends don't believe it.]

"The world is full of good lady buck dancers," remarked Harry Ferguson, of Ferguson and Beeson, the other day, "but my wife has the 'Police Gazette' medal for 1903 and is the acknowledged champion. If there is any performer who thinks she can dance better than Miss Beeson, I shall be glad to hear from her and make a match. This championship will not be put in camphor and stowed away on the top shelf. It is going to be working all the time. I got a little tin bank on the marble table in the front parlor upon the farm, and the last time I shook it up, it sounded as if it had over a hundred dollars in it. I

am willing to put it up, and bet my old sorrel horse and a buggy that my daddy bought from Brewster when he first went into the business, that Miss Beeson can beat



MAY WALSH.

Her Singing of Coon Songs is Unexcelled.

any woman buck dancer in the business. This offer holds good until June 13, 1913. When you come to talk to me about dancing bring your bank book with you?"

Maude Caswell, the Acrobatic Girl, had the time of her life during a recent engagement at the Casino des Lilas, Bordeaux, France, where she was a headliner. During one of the performances a party of students who were in attendance, at the conclusion of her act threw so many flowers to her that the stage was completely covered.

At the conclusion of the show they escorted her to her hotel where they serenaded her.

Miss Caswell has made a most unqualified hit in Europe with her act, and it is very likely her stay abroad will be indefinite. She has received many flattering offers to return to this country, which she has been compelled to refuse because of her excellent bookings. She has now reached the headliner class, and when she does return it will be to present the most sensational and remarkable act ever presented by a lady performer.

Clema Harris, contortionist, is with the Doler Troubadours for the summer.

Harry Le Clair has returned to New York after a successful tour to the Pacific coast.

The Primrose Quartette has joined Lou Gordon's Minstrels, and is meeting with success.

Russell and O'Neil report success with their act. They have signed with Frank B. Carr for next season.

Lady Sholto Douglas, who has appeared on the vaudeville stage, has been engaged by Dan V. Arthur for next season.

George L. Thompson, of Thompson and Francis, has written a Dutch comedy sketch, called "Slater Against Brother."

Adams and Jury, in their musical act, have been meeting with good success everywhere they have presented their specialty.

Lottie Gilson and Billy Hart have signed with "Gems of the Orient" for next season, under the management of Cliff W. Grant.

Alfred Latell, the European acrobat, of Latell and Van Gofre, has been engaged for "A Wise Coon" Company for next season.

Effe Brooklin has signed with Watson's Cozy Corner Stock Company, Brooklyn, for next season, to play characters and second boy roles.

Harry F. Vickery is playing characters and comedy parts with the Middleton Stock Company, at the Wildwood Park Casino, Columbia, Ga.

Everett Kempton, who for the last five seasons has been with vaudeville and burlesque companies, has signed with Brown and Walters for "The President's Daughter" Company, which opens on or about Sept. 5.

The Brobst Trio (George, Madge and Young "Skates"), grotesque triple buck dancers on roller skates, report success in their new comedy creation, "Watch the Balance."

Flossie Klim has signed with "Wine, Women and Song" Company for next season, making her second season with this company, to do principal parts in the first part and the burlesque, and will also be a feature in the olio, with her new electrical novelty act, "The Singing Statue."

CAN YOU MAKE COSMETICS?
You can get a Barber's Recipe Book free by sending \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

LILLIAN KEELEY.

She is a Talented Young Vaudeville Performer.

hair. I could put you in now, but I want you to go in right, and you're going, if I have to reorganize. You go on the top of the bill for mine, and don't get

HAVE YOU ONE?

Send for our premium list. It will interest you because it has interested thousands of others during the year.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON PAGE 7---ATTILA'S PHYSICAL CULTURE LESSONS ARE THE RAGE

PRETTY INDIAN MAIDEN —A PRINCESS, TOO— TO MARRY MILLIONAIRE

A Heroic and Thrilling Rescue on the Plains That Will
Result in a Wedding Ceremony.

SHE HAD SAVED HIS LIFE MORE THAN ONCE.

An Interesting Texas Romance That Has Created a Sensation Among the
Residents of the Lone Star State.

A SENSATION has been created in that section of the Indian Territory of which Muscogee is the centre by the announcement that a young man who is a millionaire is about to marry a Cherokee Indian girl. The man had often seen and greatly admired the "Pearl of the Cherokees," as she is often called, before he met her in the midst of dangers that ended in binding their hearts together. He lives on the Rio Grande, in Southern Texas, where he owns cattle upon a thousand hills, and one of the finest ranches in the South. For several years he has been in the habit of shipping large herds of steers to the Indian Territory, where they were pastured upon leased lands during the summer months and fattened for the fall market. In consequence of this arrangement he frequently visited the various reservations, and in the course of time he formed acquaintances of many noted Indians and their families.

One evening during last September he rode out on the plains alone for the purpose of looking over a large herd of steers that were grazing on a tract of land not far from a small farm which had been cultivated by one of the Indian girl's brothers, with whom the Texan was upon terms of warm friendship. He did not know that the girl was visiting her brother at that time.

He was riding through the valley and was almost within sight of his friend's house on the summit of the hill on his left when he noticed a cloud of dust on the prairie in front of him. At the first glance he thought that a storm was approaching, and he urged his pony forward, thinking himself fortunate to be within easy reach of the Indian cabin. The trained horse scented danger quicker than his master. He began to snort and shake his head, champ the bits, and while the Texan was trying to quiet him that peculiar quivering roar, so familiar to the Western cowboy, fell upon his ears, and the next moment he heard the clatter of hoofs and through the cloud of dust he caught a glimpse of a great wave of moving forms.

Born and reared upon the plains, only a glance was necessary to tell him the story of a stampede and set him to thinking of making an effort to stop it. There were 4,000 or 5,000 steers on the plains and it flashed across the mind of the Texan that if the whole bunch had stampeded they would be beyond control and probably hundreds would be killed. He knew that there was a great high bluff at the lower end of the valley and when he reflected that hundreds of the crazy brutes were liable to be crowded over this precipice and mangled to death in their mad flight, he realized that the loss in dollars would be something to startle a bigger cattle king than himself. He knew that his faithful cowboys were riding hard after the bellowing, maddened beasts and there was a chance to join them and set the cattle to milling in the valley. Hearing the crack of a pistol he drew his revolver and, leaning forward, he drove his spurs into the flanks of his pony and with a wild yell he rode straight toward the avalanche of living beasts.

The old Chief, his son and daughter were witnesses of the mad act. "Good-bye, white man," said the old Indian. As the gallant Texan fairly flew over the plain, swinging his revolver over his head, the Indians gazed at him in fear and admiration. To them the conduct of their friend was a rash venture, which an experienced cattleman would have condemned.

"Not one man, nor twenty men, could stop or turn that herd," exclaimed the young Indian.

"And are we to stand here and see the young man mangled to death?" said the Indian girl as she ran toward her father's favorite horse, which stood only a few feet away, pawing the earth and snuffing the air, as if eager to join in the stampede, which he was restlessly watching, after the manner of an old cow pony.

This famous horse is well known in the Indian territory under the name of Rebo. He has been victor upon a hundred racing fields and the Indians believe that he is the fastest four-footed animal on earth. The Indian princess sprang upon Rebo's back, and without waiting for a bridle or other harness she slapped the noble animal upon the shoulder and, leaning forward over his neck, she urged him toward the avalanche of cattle by touching his flanks with her heels and talking to him as if he possessed human intelligence. A small rope looped over the horse's under jaw was the only means the daring girl possessed for controlling the spirited animal.

The eyes of the fearless girl were fixed upon the venturesome young Texan, who was fast drawing near the great mass of crazed beasts. She saw him turn slightly to the right as he intended to gain the distant flank of the approaching herd, and the next moment she heard the report of his pistol, followed by a wild yell.

The two endangered people were now about a hundred yards apart and the cattle were not more than half that distance away. If the Texan had continued his course he might have gained the opposite side of the valley in safety, but he turned back. Firing in the faces of the cattle and yelling like a Comanche, he came dashing toward the Indian girl, shouting defiance at the rapidly approaching herd.

"He must be mad," said the girl as she urged Rebo

forward, hoping to gain the young man's side and induce him to abandon the idea of trying to stop the stampede. They were within ten steps of each other and the cattle were not much farther away when the Texan's horse stepped in a gopher hole and turned a complete somersault. He was thrown headlong and sprawling upon his back.

"I had barely sense enough left to realize that I was

they could see tongues of flame leaping high in the air. The Indian girl guided her horse in an oblique direction to the right, hoping to gain the hills before the right flank of the herd was upon them. This move gave the cattle some advantage, for she was not going straight away from them. The herd again approached Rebo's heels and at the same instant a great, deep creek had appeared under the horse's nose. The cattle had been crowded into this ditch and hundreds of them were thundering down the valley on the opposite side.

Their peril was now greater than ever. There was an avalanche of cattle behind them and a sea of fire in front. They had lost slight advantage in making the ride in an oblique direction and the steers on the flanks were forging ahead.

Their eyes met and they understood each other. There was but one chance. They would dash straight at that roaring, seething hell, and if they fell they would perish in each other's arms. The Texan threw his arm about the brave girl's neck and as they closed their eyes and bent forward both shouted a word of encouragement to the noble horse. He seemed to know that a prodigy was required of him and he sprang amidst the flames as if they possessed no terrors.

At the last moment, when the horse was bounding beyond the fire, a dozen ravenous wolves, maddened and scorched hairless, sprang from the hot earth, and, running to Rebo's side, they fastened their fangs in one of the Texan's shoes and dragged him to the ground. Fortunately he had a small bowie knife at his belt, and quickly drawing the weapon, he was able to protect himself until the Indian maiden again came to his rescue. The noble horse had stopped of his own accord when he felt one of his riders slip from his back. When the girl turned about she was surprised to discover that the fire had broken the stampede. The cattle were piling up on each other at the line of fire. She saw the Texan in a cloud of smoke, slashing at a pack of wolves that were snapping their white fangs in his face.

were at hand, called time. The fight progressed at a very rapid pace for several rounds, and the spectators commenced to enthuse in a highly creditable manner as they noted the sledge-hammer blows being delivered by the dusky exponents of the art of killing each other with naught but nature's weapons. However, during the fourth round the referee, who had received instructions before the fight, that clinches, draws, etc., didn't go, thought the men were hugging each other a little too much, and so he attempted to separate them. As both the pugns were covered with perspiration and blood the task was not a pleasant one, but, as the referee's duties demanded this, he did succeed in forcing the two tired fighters apart several times, but not without the loss of his temper.

"Say, if you two coons don't get busy there, I'll put you both out of business," he shouted.

The crowd by this time was howling with delight and was anxious to see the fight prolonged, despite the fact that both men were practically out of the running.

In the fifth round Rastus got an uppercut which landed him under a hearse. The referee looked at him a second and then commenced to count him out.

"One, two, three—say, get back there, you fellows, don't you know better than to crowd up here in that fashion?—four, five, six—well, now I can't tell yet whether he is out or not, wait until I complete my count—seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—"

"Ah—ah, say, boss, how many you gwine to count?"

"Seventeen this time. Thirteen, fourteen—"

"Is he out, boss, deed I is. Is he all in."

The referee was feeling his oats in great shape by this time, and as he was willing to act as referee all night he made one more attempt to get the vanquished scrapper on his feet again.

"Say, nigger, if you don't stand up here and start something, I'll throw you into that hearse you are under and cart you out to the cemetery."

"Oh, golly!" said Rastus, as he scrambled to his feet and made a break for the door, "Is a dead coon, for sure." At last accounts he was still running.

The fight and the purse were awarded to George Washington Smith, and a vote of thanks was tendered to the Pittsburgher for the able and efficient manner in which he had refereed the best fight ever held in New Castle.

GEORGIA DOG WON.

Knoxville, Tenn., was the scene of an exciting dog fight recently between Green Badgett's Sheeney, from Atlanta, Ga., and Frank Paine's Tramp, at thirty-two pounds, "Police Gazette" rules governing. The battle lasted 1 hour and 40 minutes when the Paine dog was counted out in his corner. Considerable money changed hands on the result and a big crowd of Knoxville sports attended.

"KID" BARRY KNOCKED OUT.

"Spike" Leroy, of St. Joseph, knocked out "Kid" Barry, of San Francisco, in the second round at St. Joseph, Mo., on July 18. The men are lightweights, weighing in at 130. The bout was before the Eagles' Club, and was to have been a twenty-round go. Leroy had the best of it from the start and put his man out with a right swing on the jaw.

ANDERSON BEATEN BY PARR.

Jim Parr, the English wrestler, defeated Mart Anderson, of Pittsburg, at the Driving Park Grove, at Dunkirk, N. Y., on July 18, in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match in twenty-six minutes, securing two straight falls. Parr took the first in two minutes with a half Nelson and the second in four minutes by a similar hold. A large crowd witnessed the bout. Anderson put up a game battle but was outclassed in science by the clever Britisher.

DELMONT'S DECISION.

Al Delmont was given the decision over Young Brooks after twelve rounds at the Lenox Club, Boston, Mass., recently. Delmont was the aggressor all through the contest, and landed right and left at will. Occasionally Brooks would get in good counters, but during most of the contest Brooks acted as though afraid. In the opening preliminary Matty Jones made Eddie West stop in two rounds. In the next bout Jimmy Hanlon outclassed Nick James so badly that the latter stopped in the second round.

MURPHY WON BOTH BOUTS.

"Kid" Murphy, of New York, scored a clean knockout over "Kid" Lewis in the second round of the star bout at the Roxbury A. A., at Boston, Mass., recently. The boys were scheduled to go eight rounds for a decision, at 100 pounds, but Murphy secured a lead almost from the bell and maintained it until the decisive blow was landed.

It was his second knockout of the evening, as he put Joe Smith away in the first round of the first preliminary. He was substituted for Young Cahill at the last moment, as the latter, who had agreed to box Lewis for the championship at their weights, refused to go on with Ted Lewis as referee. It was announced that Murphy and Cahill would meet at the next exhibition of the club.

Matty Devine and Tommy Lewis, of New York, went six fast rounds to a draw at 110 pounds in the second preliminary.

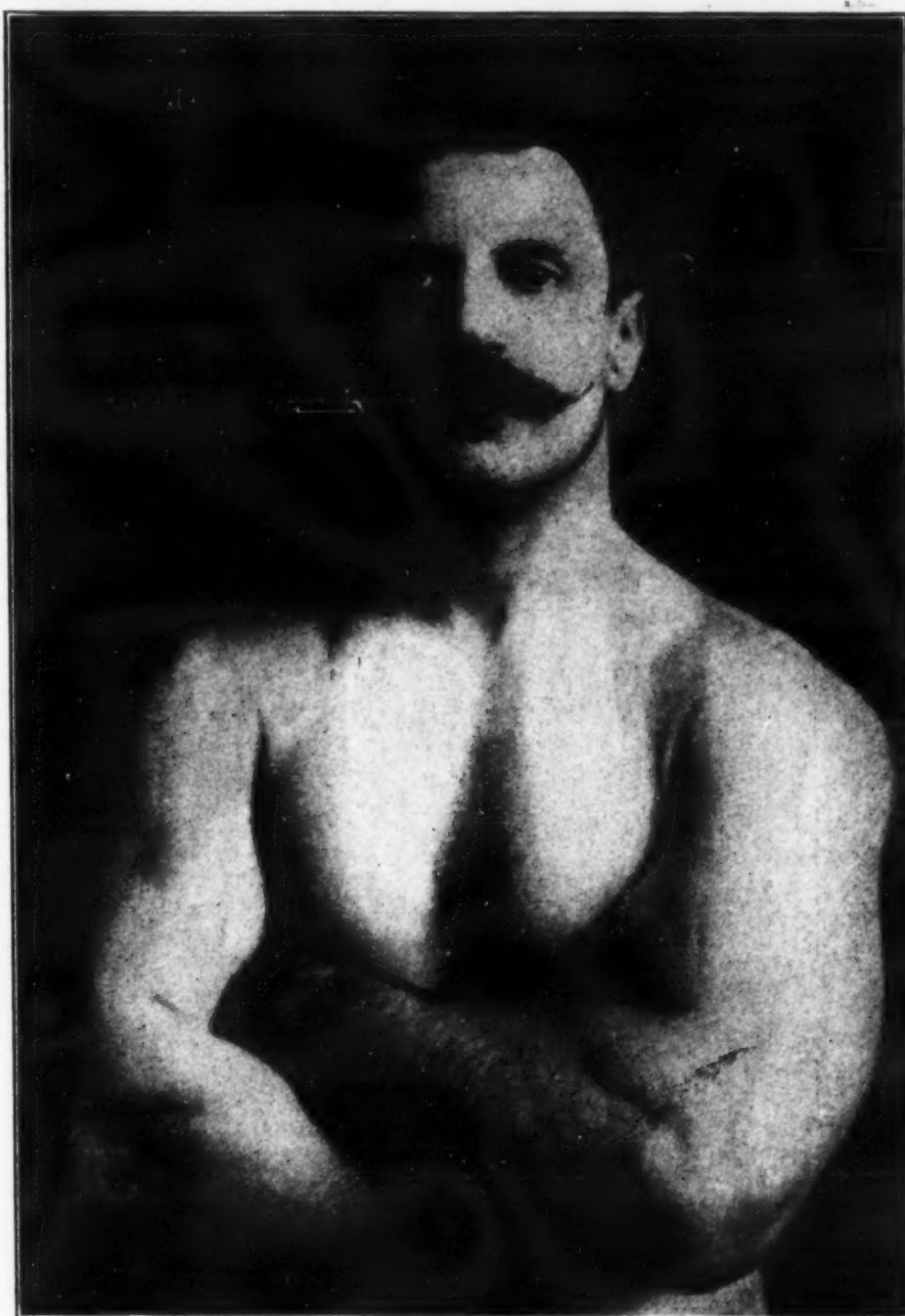
BELFIELD WALCOTT TRIMMED.

At the Saundersville Social and Athletic Club, of Scituate, R. I., on July 18, the main bout for twenty rounds scheduled between Belfield Walcott and Sam Langford resulted in favor of the latter after some of the cleverest fighting ever seen in that State.

Up to the twelfth round the honors were even. In the thirteenth Langford landed several hard lefts to the body with telling effect. In the fourteenth Walcott showed skill in evading Langford's vicious swings. The fifteenth and sixteenth rounds were nothing more than hugging matches, both men trying to evade punishment. The remainder of the contest was Langford's. Referee John Sheehan gave the decision in favor of Langford.

DO YOU KNOW HOW?

A right cross-counter is a good punch, and the "Police Gazette Boxing Book" for 1903 tells all about it. 25 cents.



ARTHUR KELTER.

Instructor of the Alliance Athletic Club of New York City who Wrestled a Draw with George Bothner and he issues a Defi to Harvey Parker. Address Editor of Police Gazette.

lost," says the Texan. The Indian girl held the same opinion for a moment. The fallen horse could not regain his feet and the Texan scrambled to his knees as his rescuer reached his side.

She bent over and grabbed his hand. The cattle were upon them. Fortunately her strength was equal to the emergency and she drew the struggling young man to his feet. None too soon he threw himself on the back of the horse behind the brave girl.

The battle was not over. Fortune seemed determined to doubly punish the Texan for his reckless venture and double his indebtedness to the pretty girl who twice risked life in one day to save him from death.

The lower end of the valley was covered with prairie grass that had grown high enough to hide a full grown horse. At a moment when the young people were congratulating themselves upon their narrow escape a great, dense cloud of black smoke swept over the valley in front of them, and as they drew nearer

ARE YOU A WRESTLER?

The most popular sport at the present time is wrestling, and the "Police Gazette" book on the subject tells you all about the holds and guards. Twenty-five cents.

REFEREE COUNTED SEVENTEEN.

A business man of Pittsburg, who was in New Castle, Pa., not long ago, met a friend there who asked him to referee a little bout between two husky colored lads in a well-known livery stable. His knowledge of the game was very limited, but he was enthusiastic and he readily consented.

When they reached the battle ground the two pugilists were ready for the fight to commence, their dusky forms covered by horse blankets, while their seconds and backers were telling them how easy it would be to take down the gate money. Notwithstanding the fact that the referee had never officiated at a bout of this kind, and, in fact, had never seen a prize fight, he determined to put up a good bluff, walked into the ring, and, after satisfying himself that pails, sponges, etc.,

SHAMROCK III. is Here to Race for the America's Cup---For Previous Records See Sporting Annual, 1903.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

LILLIAN ROBSON.

AN INQUIRING BURLESQUER—"DO I HEAR
MY SALARY COMING?"



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

BLOSSOM SEELEY.

QUITE A NICE LITTLE BLOSSOM, TOO,
AND SHE'S IN BURLESQUE.



Photo by Elmer Chickering: Boston.

LILLIAN CARLTON.

SHE HAS JUST BEEN TOLD ABOUT A
SEASHORE ENGAGEMENT.



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

BLANCHE STELLA.

SHE IS ONE OF THE REAL DANCERS,
BUT NOT SO VERY COY.



Photo by Klein & Guttenstein: Milwaukee.

ROSE LESLIE.

HER CHARMING PERSONALITY MAKES A
HIT ON THE STAGE.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

ALICE LORAIN SAYER.

PRIMA DONNA IN VAUDEVILLE; BIG NAME;
BIG VOICE, TOO.



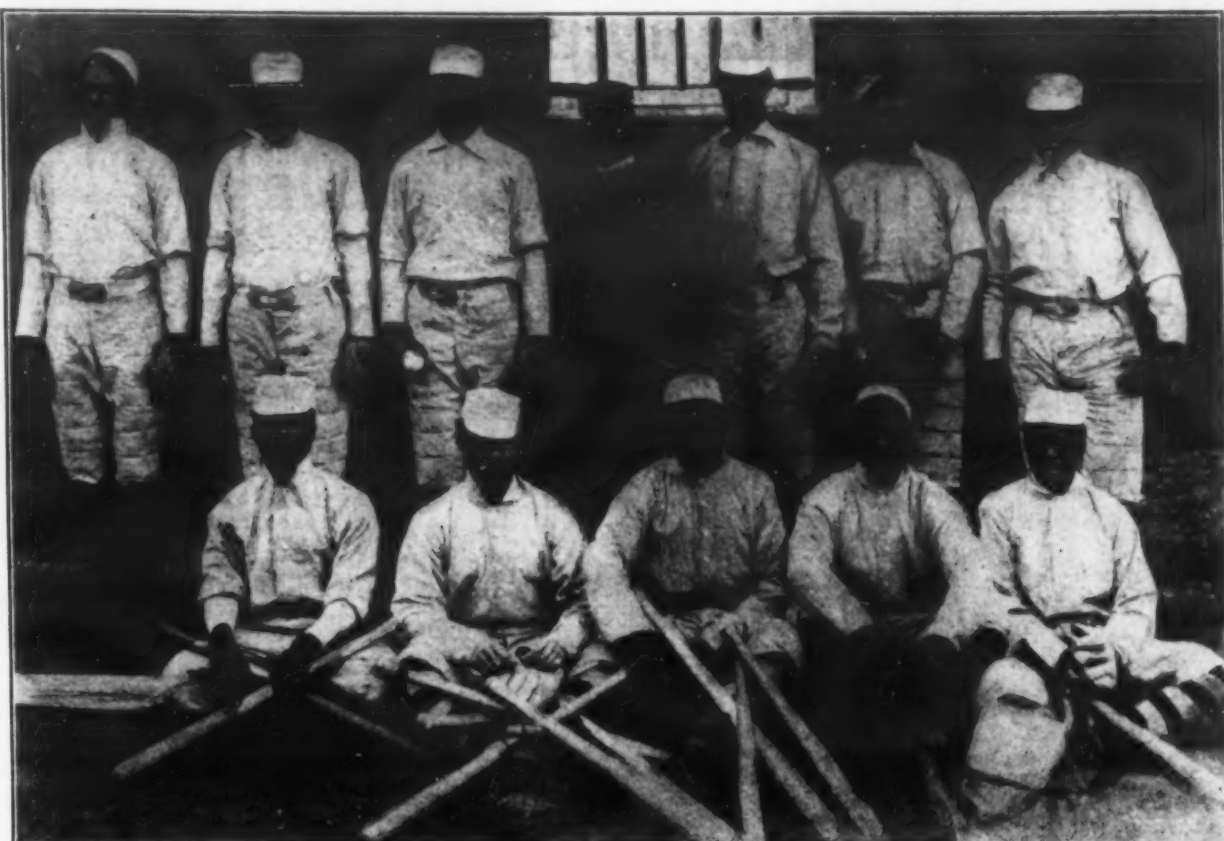
Photo by Reinher.

MAUDE BRENNNA.

A HEAVYWEIGHT NOW WITH BONHEUR
BROTHERS BIG SHOW.



CON COUGHLIN.
THE IRISH GIANT WHO IS OPEN TO FIGHT
ANY MAN, BAR JIM JEFFRIES.



THE CHAMPIONS OF FORT RENO, O. T.
THESE SOLDIERS ISSUE A CHALLENGE TO PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES WITH
ANY AMATEUR TEAM IN OKLAHOMA OR INDIAN TERRITORY.



JIM.
FIGHTING BULL TERRIER OWNED BY LOU
WOLF, OF AKRON, OHIO.



BLACK GEORGE.
VETERAN PIT BIRD OWNED BY
A. R. FOX, ELBERON, IA.



LILLY.
PETE RUBY, OF NEW YORK, WANTS TO
MATCH THIS SEVEN POUNDER.



BASEBALL PLAYERS WITH A RECORD.
THIS TEAM OF FORT SNELLING, MINN., HAVE PLAYED THIRTEEN GAMES THIS SEASON
AND WON TWELVE—THEY ISSUE A CHALLENGE.



CLARENCE ENGLISH.
AN OMAHA, NEB., FEATHERWEIGHT
WHO IS A COMER.

PITTSBURG PHIL, PLUNGER,

TALKS OF THE RACING GAME

—A FAMOUS BETTOR—

He Submits to an Interview and Tells at Length How He Lays His Money on the Ponies.

THE POOLROOM RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS ADVENT.

He Considers Inside Information to be Worthless, but Makes His Bets Upon His Own Good Judgment and Observation.

THAT remarkable soldier of fortune, Pittsburgh Phil, whose right name is George E. Smith, and who has been the subject of as much newspaper comment as any man connected with the racing game, has been interviewed. He doesn't, as a rule, talk very much, but when he does, he usually says something that is worth listening to.

"What is the biggest bet you ever made?" was the first question that was put to him.

"The biggest bet?" he answered. "That's a hard question, and I can't answer it. I have never kept tab on my big bets. My heavy wagers have been pretty thoroughly discussed by the newspapers, and it seems to me it would be more interesting if I should tell you what I am doing now. To-day, for instance, I only placed \$300. I bet on two races, and I lost on both of them. Take some of the so-called 'plunges' attributed to me and compare them with my operations to-day and you will have a fair line on the interest I am taking in horse racing now.

"It is peculiar how a man will drift into the game. The pool room is responsible for my advent into the betting ring. I used to go to the room—you know how young fellows will—to bet on the baseball games. When I put my first money on a horse I don't remember whether I had ever seen a good race or not. For me this particular race was run in the pool room. I made a winning, and as usual with young fellows it seemed like easy money, so I went into it in a business-like way to get what I could out of it. And I have no complaint to make about the ultimate result.

"Betting on horses and owning them are two different things. I would much rather bet my money on other people's horses than own a string and have to back them, for a man will back his own horses, often-times at the expense of his judgment. So-called 'inside information,' to my thinking, is worthless for just this reason. I have never had it, and I don't want it.

"My 'inside information' is my eye. That's all. I place my money solely upon my judgment of a horse's ability to win a race and his willingness to do it. Perhaps you may call it intuition, but I know when a horse is fit and willing to run. I watch him in his races day after day until I get to know him intimately, and I can tell in an instant whether he has put on or taken off flesh since I saw him last. I note whether he is traveling free or is being urged; I analyze his action and behavior in the company he is in. I keep close

all my experience on the track I have never asked a tip from an owner, trainer or jockey. Why? Because I have no faith in them for the reason that they are bound to lean toward their own horses. If a man knows positively that there is at least one horse in the race as good as his, he will lean toward his own horse nine times out of ten. It's natural. I have done it myself.

"The secret of my betting, therefore, is nothing more nor less than an accurate study of past performances, present form and a horse's willingness on the day of the race to run the best that's in him. I don't pay much attention to a horse in the paddock. I want to see him move; I want to see him warm up and know if he feels like running. The stronger my confidence in him the bigger the bet.

"There is one thing that operates to disturb the most careful calculations, and that is the jockey. And here let me say that we have absolutely the worst bunch of jockeys riding races now it has ever been my experience to observe. They are totally incompetent. They ride a good race to-day and a bad one to-morrow. There is no use working out a horse's form if you can't depend on his jockey. You can't gauge a jockey by past performances; he will upset your calculations every time.

"It is like taking a magnificent timepiece and giving it to an inexperienced man to take apart and put together again. Put a good jockey on the back of a horse and he will ride to win, because he knows that what's under him is anxious to run. All the horse wants is to be guided out of trouble and steadied—he will do the rest. But we haven't got the jockeys, and this fact more than anything else is bringing the sport of kings into disfavor.

"Do I want to moralize about racing? No; except that if I were at the beginning now with my present knowledge of the game, I should hate to think that I had to make my living out of my winnings on the horses. Visiting the track and placing an occasional bet is like betting on anything else if a man can afford it. It follows the American sporting inclination. But the young man who expects to make a pile out of 'tips' without hard study and a quick eye is up against a hard game. On the whole, it is a good thing for a man to let alone unless he demonstrates to his entire satisfaction that he has a good eye for condition and feels that he can depend entirely upon his own judgment.

"Will I go to the races regularly during the meeting? Well, I can't say that I will go regularly. I am not quite well yet, but if the weather is fair I will probably run down. Recently I haven't been following the races carefully—half the time I don't read the entries. I may not take any of the so-called 'plunges' this season; and, by the way, if I do plunge it is because I know I am backing the best horse in a race. I back my own judgment, nobody else's."

A CHORUS GIRL VISITS HER HOME.

Many, many times has there been told a pathetic story of how a young woman, who had left her home on the farm for a life in the gay city, returned to the old place when the snow was on the ground, crept softly up to the kitchen window and peeped in at the old folks sitting by the table. And in the story books they have the nice old lady stop her knitting long enough to say to the old fellow with the bunch of spinach:

"It is now three years since our darling Maude left us. I wonder where she is this cold and stormy night?"

Then papa would wipe away a Denman Thompson tear and laying his paper down, would sympathetically answer:

"I don't know, Sarah, but she will be welcome if she ever comes back."

That's the story book.

Now here is the real thing, told by one of the real ones, as she chewed on the chest of a hot bird at Shanley's:

"You know I ran away from home a long time ago. I used to live in a little village up the State, about twenty miles from nowhere. So the other day, just for fun, I thought I would run up and surprise the folks. They must have thought I was a country fair, a horse race and a Barnum show all rolled into one, for when I opened my trunks and shook out a few ballet costumes the old people wanted to know if I kept them as mementoes of my girlhood days. I nearly had hysterics. They stared at a pearl necklace and wanted to know how much it cost at a department store. When I proudly remarked that those beauties were valued at \$500 they opened their eyes and said: 'What an awful extravagance.' Then they began to figure how many calico dresses, acres of land, houses, and I don't know what else, she could buy with the price."

"Of course, they didn't inquire where you had picked

DO YOU WANT THE BEST?
The best book on wrestling is now ready. It contains everything; is by Champion George Bothner. Fully illustrated. Price, 25 cents; this office.

up such a trifle. They really wouldn't ask that?"

"I should rather think they did. Oh, but I threw it off. I said, among us prima donne diamonds were not uncommon, and as to pearls, if we made a hit, they were literally strewn on our pathway."

"I told them that my little terrier had saved my life many a time dragging me out of the water, awaking me when there was a fire in the room, and pulling me from under the feet of runaway horses. How they did stare at that! But I kept my face straight with an effort and recited the virtues of my pet birds. One sang me to sleep at night, another waked me in the morning, the parrot amused my guests by his talk. He gave them a sample of the latter in a most sulphurous vein—he happened to be in an extra bad humor—and they fled from the house."

"Did you give any entertainment for their amusement?"

"A little, but it gave the old deacons so much pleasure that the women almost mobbed me and I had to leave town in a hurry."

JUDGE A CINCH FOR SULLIVAN.

At the Tammany A. C., Boston, July 15, there was a great bout, and Jack Sullivan proved that he is still the real goods. Referee Dan Donnelly had no trouble in naming him the winner over Jim Judge. From start to finish in every round Sullivan showed his superiority, and while he proved conclusively that he is Judge's master the latter is not disgraced.

The only two clear hits that Judge landed were at the beginning of the first round, when he put home a clean hit to Twin's dial and again in the sixth round, when he landed on Twin's body. Nearly all his other deliveries were blocked except in a few exchanges in the clinches.

In the sixth it looked all over for Judge, but the gong saved him, and his superb condition told its tale in the minute's rest. In the ninth and tenth rounds he was also in a bad way and clinching saved him.

Every one was well satisfied with the bout and the decision.

A WRESTLING BOOK FREE.

Have you seen George Bothner's new book on wrestling? Over seventy full-page illustrations, with photographs of the champions. It will be sent free to you upon receipt of \$1.00 for the POLICE GAZETTE for 13 weeks. Address Richard K. Fox.

FITZ DRAWS THE COLOR LINE.

Jim Neil, the San Francisco sporting man, has \$2,500 jingling in his pocket which is to be used to bind a match between Jack Johnson, the hard-hitting colored heavyweight champion, and Bob Fitzsimmons. Fitz has been approached regarding a fight with Johnson, but says he has drawn the color line.

Johnson is undoubtedly one of the best men in the game, as was shown when he beat George Gardner on the coast. He is a second Peter Jackson in science and hitting power and fully as clever as the old Australian.

MONROE AND LOVE DRAW.

Philadelphians saw a fast and clever fight when George Monroe and Tommy Love met in the arena of the Southern A. C., on July 14, and went six rounds to what might have been called a draw.

Love, in general, was the aggressor, but Monroe's come-backs and his willingness to mix it up in the clinches easily enabled him to stand on an equal basis with Tommy. Monroe has a long and varied career behind him, but he has lost none of his old-time cunning.

Love missed many an ugly swing and counter that would have done for Monroe. It was the latter's shiftness of foot that repeatedly carried him out of danger, and it was principally through the same kind of methods that he made Tommy hump himself when he, Monroe, came in for a fighting clinch. Love directed most of his attention to the body, while Monroe's most effective work was higher up.

Monroe had a very slight advantage in the first round, and all the best of the fifth. Love predominated in the second, third and slightly in the last, while the fourth was an even break.

"Kid" Williams and Vernon Campbell boxed six wild and exciting rounds in the semi-windup. Williams had all the best of the first and second rounds, but weakened through his wild efforts to settle Campbell and the latter finished very strongly.

ROBINSON AND CONNORS TO MEET

"Spike" Robinson, the Harlem featherweight, and Johnny Connors, of Haverhill, Mass., have been matched to meet in a twenty-round bout, at 120 pounds, for \$500 and sixty per cent. of the gate receipts, on September 15.

BENNY YANGER LAID UP.

Benny Yanger will not be seen in the ring again for four or five months. The recent injuries which the little Chicagoan received in his fight with Hanlon on the coast are the causes for this resolution. The back strain that Yanger received, together with the injured hand, will keep Benny from doing anything but the very lightest work.

The back strain is a very serious ailment for a pugilist, as it will, if not cured properly, tend to weaken him permanently. The injury to his hand is not as serious as it was at first thought to have been. It has healed considerably from what it was when Yanger left Frisco. Yanger's face bears no traces of the fierce fight. He intends to battle with Hanlon again.

"The next time," he says, "I will make a much better showing. I made a good one as it was, considering I hurt my hand in the seventh round and practically fought thirteen rounds with one hand. I must give Hanlon credit for being a clever fighter. Hanlon covers himself up for two minutes and thirty seconds and then only fights the rest of the round, when he comes good and strong."

"If I did not have as strong a stomach as I really have I surely would have been knocked out by Hanlon's terrific punches. I will fight Hanlon in Frisco again, as we probably could draw best there, and I believe I will beat him when we meet again, as I always show better in my second fights."

BASEBALL HITS AND MISSES

What the Boys who Whirl the Willow Are Doing Around the Country.

Welmer, the left-hand pitcher secured by Jim Hart's Chicago club from Kansas City, is the find of the season.

Manager Hanlon, of the Brooklyn, has come out with a statement that President Herrmann, of the Cincinnati Club, was right in the stand that he



Photo by Vander Weyde: New York.

BILLY LAUNDER.

New York National's Crack Third Baseman who is a Good Man with the Wagon Tongue.

took on the Davis case. This is in repudiation of the action of the Brooklyn Club in endorsing the reinstatement of Davis by President Pulliam.

The attendance at the American League games in Boston this season has been double that of the Boston Nationals.

Only once in his long baseball career did Ed Deleahanty turn in less than a .300 batting average for a season. In 1891 he had .249.

The Pittsburgh club has met a long list of misfortunes this season, in the way of injuries to Clarke, Bransfield, Phelps and Ritchie.

Pitcher Mike O'Neil, of St. Louis, is quite a fielder, and besides that can hit. He will make a good outfielder after his pitching days are over.

Thomas McCreery, late centerfielder of the Minneapolis American Association baseball team, has been secured by Ed Hanlon, of the Brooklyn National League team.

The highest-priced player in baseball is said to be Patsy Donovan, of the St. Louis Cardinals, his salary for this year being \$9,000, \$1,000 of which came for signing his contract.

Jimmy Ryan, the veteran outfielder of the Washington team, seems to be playing as well this season as he did fifteen years ago when he played with Anson's Chicago White Stockings.

Hobe Ferris is playing great ball this season, and Jimmie Collins displayed good judgment in not trading him for Conroy of the New Yorks last spring, when the thing was talked of.

Colonel Barney Dreyfuss holds that Jack Taylor, of the Chicago Nationals, is the most crafty pitcher in the land. "I have seen them all work, and don't think that there is a man the equal of Taylor in trickery and using strategy on the field."

Rube Waddell established a new record for the season by striking out fourteen men. Every man on the Chicago team with the exception of Slattery was retired on strikes one or more times. Jack Chesbro, of the New York Americans, and Christy Mathewson, of the New York Nationals, equalled "Rube's" former record of thirteen, but will have difficulty in making fourteen strike outs.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

If you want positively the best, newest and most complete book on "Boxing and How to Train" send 25 cents to the Police Gazette office and get it.



Photo by Gore: Milwaukee.

PHIL METZGER.

Star Baseballist with the Milwaukee Sentinel Team, Northwest Amateur Champions.

tab on him until I find him fit, in my opinion, to run, and then I back him, and the amount of backing is governed by my degree of confidence in my own judgment.

"Any person who has ever watched me operate at the track will know that I put my money on at the last possible moment. If you have noticed me, you will remember that when the horses came out for their preliminary work I keep my glasses on them all the time. I am watching the horse I like. If he warms up well and looks as if he wanted to run I play him."

"As I said before, I don't want to own any horses. All this spring I have been trying to sell those that were ruled off at Sheepshead Bay. If I don't have an entry in I can back my own judgment. People have often said to me that I appear to know more about what a horse can do than its owner. Granted that this is true, there is nothing remarkable about that. During

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A CHANCE FOR YOU TO BECOME A SECOND SANDOW.

Get Your Photograph Taken Showing Your Improvement and Send it to the Police Gazette Office.

By PROF. ATILA.—Series No. 30.

THE letters are still coming in from pupils, and I am kept busy answering them. In the usual order of things, I expected there would be a let-up during the months of July and August, and I am very much gratified to note that, if

velopers and would like to keep it up by following the big bell course, but cannot get the big bells here. I would like you to tell me where I can get them and what they will cost. Wishing you the best of success, I remain yours, F. B. SEARS, Matthews, Ind."

The POLICE GAZETTE will fill all orders for not only dumb-bells, but any other apparatus.

EXERCISE NO. 36.

This is the English swing, and it will take three plates to properly illustrate it. I now present the first one, but the pupil will not be able to do anything until the exercise is shown complete. The accompanying plate gives an idea as to how the bell should be grasped.

Bear in mind that if you subscribe for the POLICE GAZETTE you are entitled to a handsome and valuable premium, even if you send but \$1 for thirteen weeks.

Answers to Pupils.

F. G., Kansas City.—Use any weight tell that you can conveniently handle.

Fred Skein, Anaconda, Mont.—Whenever it is possible take a good rub-down and a bath when you have exercised.

W. Wills, Oyster Bay, L. I.—You can continue the five-pound exercises. They are always good.

Sam Rawlins, San Francisco, Cal.—It is a fact that I trained Sandow, and did more than any other man to make him what he is to-day.

G. J., Orange, N. J.—You can get back numbers of the POLICE GAZETTE for ten cents each. Better order at once as there are not many left.

Ed Jones, Hoboken, N. J.—With a wrestling partner you can learn all about the game by studying champion George Bothner's book. Price, 25 cents, this office.

WRESTLING FAKES.

There is talk in the wrestling circles of getting up a league or sort of association to prevent unscrupulous wrestlers from bringing the sport into disrepute. A well-known promoter, in discussing the scheme, said: "If fakirs and frauds among wrestlers are not squelched in a hurry, there is no saying what the pastime will come to. I would suggest that every wrestler who has any kind of reputation be registered with the association. This will also do away with wrestlers going from town to town under different names, posing here and there as the 'Terrible Jew,' and the 'Fighting Turk,' and building up fake reputations for so-called champions by lying down. Under the Amateur Athletic Union, fighters and amateur wrestlers are protected, and in this way the public, always the good thing, does not suffer. There are plenty of square and honest wrestlers in the business who will cheerfully lend their time and support to such a scheme. Wrestling is popular and something should be done to keep it above suspicion."

HERRERA PUTS UP THE COIN.

Aurelia Herrera, the Mexican boxer, of Los Angeles, Cal., evidently is sincere in his efforts to get on a match with Young Corbett for he has followed up his first challenge with another, accompanied by a forfeit of \$1,000, which is posted in San Francisco, and this is what he says:

"Having defeated Kid Broad with a knockout, something Corbett, McGovern and others have failed to accomplish, I think that I am entitled to first chance against Corbett. If he succeeds in defeating me he can win a pot of money, for my friends on the Pacific Coast will back me heavily. All that I ask is to be

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recognized, and I feel confident that I can do the rest." Corbett will probably take up Herrera's deft, but the bout will have to hold over until the champion has fulfilled the engagements he already has on hand.

Corbett will leave for California shortly in order to get into condition for a number of fights. He expects to take on Ben Jordan first, and is patiently waiting to hear from the Englishman. Some time ago the San Francisco A. C. agreed to give a large purse for a twenty-round fight between Corbett and Jordan with an additional \$500 for expenses. Jordan said that he will fight Corbett, but wants the expense money increased to \$1,000. This, the sports believe, is unreasonable. Jordan names this sum because he thinks that he should be recompensed in case something interferes to prevent the battle.

A NEW BIKE RECORD.

Albert Champion clipped 4½ seconds off of the best previous world's one-mile motor cycle record at the Charles River bicycle track on July 13, when he covered a mile in 58½ seconds. The previous record was 1:03.

PETER WINS AT LAST!

A wild swinging blow delivered at random by Joe Grim near the end of the third round put Peter Maher, the perpetual Irish champion, temporarily out of business on July 15 at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia. The foul was not intentional, as it was one that Grim often uses in his wild way of boxing and dancing around the ring. He sends them out at random and they seldom do any harm. The blow did not look to be a very hard one, and to many persons near the ringside it appeared to have struck Maher in the pit of the stomach. Peter helped the force of the blow by stepping into it as Grim came forward.

When he was struck Maher partly doubled up and was hopping on one foot, and he appeared to be in great agony. He was saved from falling by Referee Bert Crowhurst, and as he was going to his chair his seconds helped him to the seat. The fact that Maher grasped, or tried to grasp, his belt and pull it away from his body to get breath led many spectators to believe he had been struck in the solar plexus, and not in the groin. The bout was stopped, and Dr. O'Connor, who had charge of the physical condition of the boxers, examined Maher, and he stated that Peter had been struck low and was suffering from the shock of the blow.

Grim was as much surprised as Maher, and he shook hands with Peter and told him that he had not intended to foul him. There was no apparent need of any foul tactics by Grim, who was doing nicely, and would probably have gone the six rounds, as Maher did not appear any more able to take the Italian's measure than any of the boxers who have tried to stop him in that city.

The bout was interesting. It was like all that Grim takes part in. Peter was trying his best to get in hard punches, while Joe was quick on his feet and always danced out of harm's way or saved himself by closing in and clinching with Maher.

In the second round Joe did some wild rushing and



JOHN WILLIAMS of Corsicana.

The Champion Cotton Picker of Texas, and he Challenges. Address Editor of this Paper.

clouded Peter two or three times. The Irishman, however, got home two jolts that had a visible effect on Joe, but Peter appeared slow, and at the end of the round looked tired as he went back to his corner.

Grim went at it in wild and glorious fashion in the third, and in his eager efforts to get at Peter soaked a right-handed uppercut a few degrees below Maher's pantry, which ended the bout.

MILWAUKEE CELEBRITIES

Some Men Who Are Famous in the Sporting World.

There is no question but that Milwaukee, Wis., is a sporting centre, and on another page in this issue will be found some of the leading sporting men of the city.

Harlan Qea, president and matchmaker of the Milwaukee Boxing Club, is proprietor of Harlan Qea's Cafe, 413 East Water street. Harlan is a New York boy and very popular.

Harry Stout, formerly of Chicago, has made Otto Selloff and a number of other pugilists famous, and once upon a time was a real fighter himself around Memphis, Tenn. Harry is at present making book in one of the local poolrooms.

Paddy Dorrell is proprietor of Paddy's Buffet at 522 Wells street. Paddy is a famous trainer of pugilists and has brought out some good men, among them being Jack Hammond, the Detroit middleweight; Alex Burke, featherweight; Charlie Berry, lightweight, and Sig. Green, bantamweight. In the rear of Paddy's place is an up-to-date training quarters, which is kept in first-class style at Dorrell's expense. Con O'Leary, the veteran Canadian featherweight, is in full charge.

Patsy (Dasher) Ferriter is proprietor of the beautiful Arcade Buffet and Billiard Parlor at 478 Edison avenue. Patsy is a breeder of famous fighting dogs, many of them having won some rattling good battles.

Al Bright is secretary of the Milwaukee Boxing Club and also manager of Harlan Qea's cafe. Al is a matchmaker of some note and has acted as referee for both the Milwaukee and Badger Clubs. He was once considered one of the best bag punchers in America, having been on the road with different vaudeville shows.

Joe Crawford is the manager, trainer and backer of Charley Neary. Crawford has also turned out some other good men including Ted Malone, Mike Irisc, Joe Sullivan, Charley Mack, Young O'Leary and Milwaukee's "Young Corbett." He is proprietor of a swell buffet and billiard parlor at 270 Reed street.

Frank Mulkern is a well-known newdealer at the Schiltz Hotel and a backer of pugilists. He has brought out several good men, among them being Jake Magner.

Jack Dougherty is open to meet any 133-pound man in the world.

"Kid" Suyers challenges any 126-pound man in the world.

Bill (Adonis) Terry, the once famous pitcher for the Brooklyn baseball team, is now one of the leading sporting men and handball players of that part of the country. He is also proprietor of one of the finest up-to-date bowling alleys in America at 137 Second street.

Charley Neary can get backing up to \$5,000 in a match against Benny Yanger. He is one of the most popular boxers in that city.

Harry Kline, the pugilistic critic and sporting writer, is the general Northwestern representative of the POLICE GAZETTE. He is known wherever there is a place to put a ring and has a host of friends in every State in the Union.

Joe Ornstein owns the Bijou Hotel and Buffet at Third and Wells streets. He brought out Jack Dougherty and is a good judge of boxers.

WHEN JIM CORBETT LOST.

"There was one fight in which Corbett took part," said the man who knows everything, "which showed his endurance better than any battle in which he has since taken part. It took place in private, at least it began in private, although its end was on the streets of Chicago, about two years before he met Sullivan.

"Corbett, Eddie Foy, the comedian, 'Parson' Davies, Jim Hall and half a dozen newspaper men were at supper one night in Rector's place in Chicago, and the conversation naturally drifted to the fighting game. One of the newspaper men was a little fellow, standing about five feet three and weighing perhaps a hundred and forty pounds. He had a good working knowledge of the game, at that, and, if he had been lighter, would have been a good one professionally. Finally Corbett began to speak of his quickness, and offered to kneel down and let the little fellow hit him as often as he could, Corbett agreeing to keep his hands behind his back.

"No," retorted the newspaper lad, "I won't do that, but I'll bet you \$50 even you can't put me out in ten minutes, and you can go at me any way you like. No rules, you know; just a sort of go-as-you-please affair." "You're on," was the reply. And each placed \$50 in 'Parson' Davies' hands.

"The tables were cleared away. Then the newspaper man asked to have the front door opened, as it was hot and close in the place. This was done. The men squared off. Corbett made a quick pass at the little fellow, bending far over to reach him. The small boy ducked and came back with a red hot one full in Corbett's face. Then, before the fighter could reach him, he turned and ran up the steps and out into the street, with Corbett after him. Up Clark street ran the little fellow, who had been a hundred yards dash man at college, with Corbett coming along a close second and as mad as a batter. Just then a lone hansom cab came along and into this the runner jumped as if for his life. He yelled his instructions to the driver, and the cab at full speed turned down Washington street toward the lake front, with Corbett running along close behind. Well, Jim followed that cab for three miles and then gave up the chase.

"When he finally got back to the restaurant, there was the little fellow, as cheerful as a cricket. He at once spent the entire hundred in cabs and refreshments for the party, and that was the only thing that saved him from Corbett's wrath."

HAVE YOU THE RECORDS?

Sir Thomas Lipton is here with the Shamrock III. to race for the yachting supremacy of the world. All the records for America's Cup are in the Sporting Annual. 10 cents.

anything, the interest in these lessons is on the increase instead of on the decrease.

Moderate exercise, even in the dog days, is good and healthy and will hurt no one. Keep it up.

Here is a letter which comes from the Cabana Barracks, at Havana, Cuba:

"I am one of your patrons here, and we are all interested in your system of physical culture, which seems to be quite the best thing of its kind I have ever seen.

"We have a couple of clever boxers at this post—I enclose you their photographs—and they are both using your exercises with the best possible results.

"ROBERT S. LOWER,

"Twentieth Company, Coast Artillery,
Havana, Cuba."

Here is another letter—only one of many which I have received:

"Will you kindly give me particulars as to price and where best to secure the two heavy bells for your exercises? I have been taking your five-pound dumb-bell system regularly since the first lesson, and can see wonderful improvement over my entire muscular system. Also, my weight has increased in proportion to my strength. I would not put yours aside for any of the other physical culture courses. For years I have been exercising in various ways with different apparatus supposed to develop the muscles, and none of them give anything like the satisfactory results that yours does.

"In about ten days I will send you my photograph and measurements so you can give me advice as to where I need better development. I am no novice in athletics and gymnastics, as I have been engaged in both branches off and on, at different periods, for sixteen years, and I can say, with some knowledge, that with regular use of your bell system, anyone can develop their bodies and improve their health surprisingly.

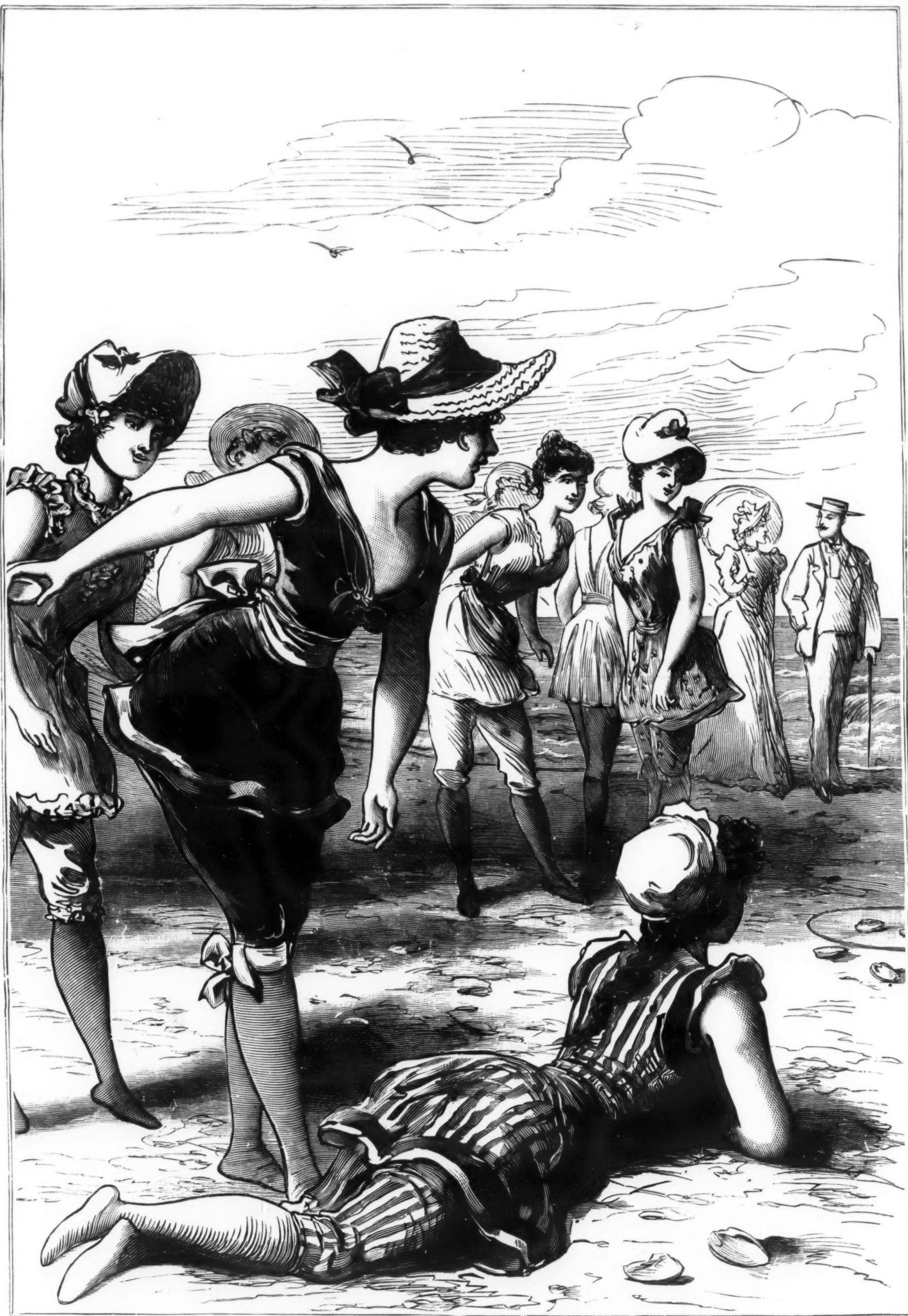
"Thanking you in advance for the information I ask, I am yours very respectfully, W. P. ROWLEY,

"110 Laurens Street, Greenville, S. C."

"Livery and Feed Stable."

"I have been following your course for five-pound bell exercises and think it is one of the greatest de-

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BEAUTY ON THE BEACH.

A GAMBOL OF THE SEA NYMPHS ON THE SANDS WITH A LITTLE GAMBLING
THROWN IN, AT FASHIONABLE NEWPORT, R. I.



HE HAD A TASTE FOR LINGERIE.

A RUDE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN BULLDOG TAKES A FEW SAMPLES OF LACE AND FINE LINEN FROM A SYRACUSE, N. Y., BELLE.

JEFF SUPREMELY CONFIDENT —NEGLECTS HIS TRAINING TO GO HUNTING— OF WHIPPING CORBETT

"Gentleman Jim," Determined to be in the Best Possible Condition, Training Harder Than Ever Before.

WANTS STRENGTH ENOUGH TO KNOCK JEFFRIES OUT

Jack Root Wants to Fight George Gardiner Again—Al Limerick and Gus Ruhlin Matched—Another Set-back for Ryan—McCoy Bobs Up Again.

Less than three weeks will elapse before Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett will meet again in the ring to fight for championship supremacy. Which will win is a question that is agitating the minds of the sporting fraternity, and the consensus of opinion favors Jeffries, although the former champion has a host of admirers who believe it a foregone conclusion for him to win a decision on points if he succeeds in evading Jeff's ponderous punches until the gong sounds the final round. Experts who have "doped" out the merits of the two men will tell you Corbett has only one chance—that is to keep out of the way of Jeffries' pile-driving blows for twenty rounds. It seems certain that Corbett will outbox Jeffries from the start, and if he is on his feet the decision will be his.

This opinion is based upon what took place in the ring the first time Corbett and Jeffries met. On that occasion Corbett, after giving a wonderful exhibition of boxing, making Jeffries look like a novice, was knocked out in the twenty-third round. Corbett's showing was a revelation to sporting men. He was supposed to be a "has been." Jeffries found it impossible to land a heavy blow until the twenty-third round. On the strength of that battle Corbett made the coming match, figuring that Jeffries will again find it impossible to land a knockout blow in twenty rounds, the limit of the fight. Corbett hasn't fought since 1900, but Jeffries has whipped Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons since then.

The two men are opposites—one the ideal boxer, the other the ideal fighter. Corbett can hit faster and get

Surely, if Corbett's cleverness has not deserted him and he is in superb condition, then most anyone will concede him a grand chance against the burly Jeffries, who appears in a class by himself.

When Corbett fought Sullivan for the championship some few years ago everyone thought the boxer from the Pacific Slope would surely be killed. He was not even conceded a chance in a thousand, yet he went into the ring, hopped and skipped about, jabbing and getting away without a return until at last the mighty John L. toppled over a beaten man. Suppose Corbett should do the same thing when he boxes Jeffries? Stranger things have happened.

And they do say that Jeffries hasn't been taking the very best care of himself, and instead of taking the rigorous course of training necessary to fit him for a bruising battle has been spending his time in the mountains fishing and hunting. I don't place much reliance upon those yarns for they may be circulated in the interests of the betting men, who hope by making Corbett's admirers believe the champion is not in good condition to get a better price against him. It is probable that Jeffries is not worrying much over his encounter with Corbett. They say he considers himself a winner before the gong clangs. But the other mighty men of pugilism have thought the same way, only to find themselves minus a title when the battle was over. Of course, Jeffries knows what he is doing and he may be preparing himself while in the mountains. There is one thing sure, when Corbett enters the ring, providing, of course, he doesn't go "stale," he will be in the pink of physical condition. If Corbett enters the ring fit and Jeffries a trifle out of condition, this would serve to even up Gentleman Jim's chances of a victory. One good man out of condition pitted against another good man, perhaps not so rugged, in perfect shape will surely go a long way toward giving the trained man an advantage.

That Corbett will be in condition is a foregone conclusion. Even now he is fit to fight and the only fear is that he will be overtrained. When this probability is mentioned to him he smiles and with an air of confidence replies: "I know myself. You can trust me to do the right thing by Jim Corbett. I will be better than ever before." Then he walks to the scales and tipping the beam says: "Look—184 to the ounce."

At that weight he will fight Jeffries. But Corbett's training—he has some new wrinkles. He wanted strength and weight and he figured that parallel bars close to the ground would do it. Result is his chest is larger, his arms stronger and his shoulders firmer. He believes in diet and his wife cooks every dish. In the morning he spends an hour in his gymnasium punching the bag, working the rowing machine, wrestling with big Yank Kenny and hopping, skipping and jumping. He doesn't don the gloves.

There is a let up at noon and a light lunch. Twelve miles on the road at a stiff clip follows. Then baseball is played and Corbett plays hard. Back to the gymnasium, a rub down and then Corbett picks up the gloves to box with Yank Kenny or anybody who happens along. They go at it—the same clever Corbett of old. He feints his man into all kinds of openings. He puts one glove to the solar plexus, then sends his other fist to the jaw. He puts all blows on vulnerable places of his opponent's anatomy. He wants every jab to count, and that will be the way he fights Jeff.

After leaving the dressing room Corbett had a word to say about himself. "I don't want my friends to worry about me overtraining," said Jim, after learning when the last boat for Alameda left. "When a fighter is taking on weight with his exercise he is not killing himself, and I am doing this every day. I am not going to be as big as Jeffries, but I'll be heavier than any time before I fought. I will meet Jeffries at 185 pounds, which will be fifteen pounds more than I weighed when I defeated Sullivan."

The really hardest part of Corbett's training has only just begun.

He has a new plan to finish with just before the fight. He will work twenty-five rounds about three times. Most of it will be boxing. "I'll start off with say four rounds of boxing," said Jim. "It will be hard boxing, and then I may wrestle two rounds. Then I may punch the bag two rounds, and then go back to sparring. I will go like this for twenty-five rounds about three times. It will be a variety of work, but it will be as hard, I figure, as twenty-five rounds of straight boxing. After going twenty-five rounds once I will know how good I am and where my weak points are if I have any."

In a fight like this much depends upon the referee and Eddie Graney who will officiate on this occasion enjoys the confidence of the principals and public alike. He officiated at the bout between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries at San Francisco a year ago, when Fitz was knocked out in the eighth round. This is the first time in years that a contest has been pulled off in San Francisco in which both principals and referee come under the popular head of "native sons," Graney, who was formerly an amateur boxer.

HAVE YOU THE RULES?

Rules for all kinds of wrestling in Champion George Bothner's new book. Eighty full page illustrations. Price, 25 cents.

was doing ring stunts when Jim Corbett first started out from San Francisco. He is a prosperous blacksmith, and one of the most popular men in sporting circles of the Golden Gate. He is capable of judging the finer points of the game and is undoubtedly a most desirable man for the position.

The following note involves a matter of more than passing interest to many Eastern sporting men who would like to be present at the ringside when Jeffries and Corbett come together:

MR. SAM C. AUSTIN—Dear Sir: Please publish in the GAZETTE of the coming week the correct date of Jeffries-Corbett fight. The date has so far been guess work, and so few people know what to do. I desire to go to Frisco, as do others here, and if the fight is covered by G. A. R. National Encampment Excursion, more will go. Yours truly, HARRY H. HENSEL, Lancaster, July 13.

It has been definitely decided that the fight will take place on Aug. 14, three days prior to the opening of the Grand Army Encampment, on Aug. 17. The matter of expense will deter many Easterners from going to the fight. The actual outlay will be quite \$300. A "tight proposition" might squeeze through on less, but he wouldn't indulge in any riotous living en route.

His railroad fare, round trip ticket, will cost him \$148.20. A sleeping berth will add \$38 to this sum and he can feed on the train for \$24 more. That's \$210.20.

He will have to produce \$20 for a ringside seat, although he may perch himself on the rafters for \$5. There are intermediate seats that may be his for \$10 and \$15.

If he wants to be near the ropes his net expenses will therefore be \$230.20. The remaining \$69.80 will be little enough to cover the incidentals which are sure to bob up on a trip of this kind.

Jim Bagley says "One-Eyed" Connelly could do it much cheaper. In fact, all he needed was a plug of tobacco and a sheet-iron patch on his coat tails. But there was only one "One-Eyed" Connelly, and he, peace to his name, is dead.

Jack Root, after the first feeling of disappointment at being beaten by Gardiner has worn off, is not satisfied that the Lowell man is his master. He admits that the latter was the better man the day they fought. "I hit him often enough to whip the ordinary man," says Root, "but though my blows did not lack steam, they were not effective enough to hurt Gardiner. He would bore in on them and past them, and then would wallop away at body and head. I am making no claims of foul fighting. Let the pictures show who did the clean breaking required under the Canadian rules and who did the punching when locked. The pictures cannot lie. I was not once cautioned and did not once hit except when I was unlocked. Gardiner is a great man, and all that, and I have no kick coming. I would like another chance at him, however, and think he will accord it to me. I am now going to take a rest. I will do no more boxing for several months but will loaf around and try to gather some weight and flesh to work on when I again will go out for the best men in my class. In all of my long and busy ring career, but one man got the best of me. That man is George Gardiner. That is nothing to be ashamed of. He, himself, has been beaten by four men, and I am one of them."

Matches between the heavyweight champions always lead to plenty of activity among the big fellows. Al Limerick, of Buffalo, who recently sprung into prominence by walloping "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, is an acquisition to the coterie of heavyweights. Having proved his claim to recognition, he has thrown down the gauntlet to the heavyweight aspirants, and the first acceptance comes from Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant. Jack Herman, matchmaker of the International A. C., of Fort Erie, has matched the pair to meet before his club, and the bout will take place the latter part of August.

Limerick has all the qualifications of the heavyweight fighter. He has a reach greater than any other fighter and is the tallest heavyweight in the ring. When he tackled O'Brien he weighed about 222 pounds, but despite his weight Limerick is remarkably quick on his feet, and he has two good hands, which are very effective when they reach the spot.

If Limerick is successful in his bout with Ruhlin he will take on a few others in his class, and then possibly go after the winner of the Jeffries-Corbett championship battle.

As O'Brien was a much lighter man, it will be interesting to see what kind of a showing Limerick will make against Ruhlin. The latter having met nearly all of the big fellows, no doubt has the advantage when it comes to experience, but the Buffalo boxer is by no means a novice, and he is going into the bout brimful of confidence.

Poor Tommy Ryan; he has been accused of almost everything under the sun, and now he is being blamed for putting an end to the boxing game in Butte, Mont., and just because he knocked out a "stiff" who ought to have been peddling collar buttons instead of posing as a fighter. It is charged against Ryan that when he insisted upon meeting such an awful dub he killed boxing in Butte for all time. The officials of the town were disgusted and have insisted upon the closing of the fight club. A Western exchange comments interestingly on Tommy's experience in Butte:

"The victim at Butte was John Wille, of Chicago. John, who weighs some 166 pounds, was not the man who would be picked out to go out in four rounds before anybody, and Ryan, into the bargain, is supposed to be a very sick individual. It was expected that Tommy would simply 'toy' with big John and gain a point decision, and when John fell heavily the mayor of Butte stepped in and said there would be no more fighting while he was the town's chief executive."

Too bad!

From the doleful depths of his fistie grave comes the mournful voice of 'Kid' McCoy seeking another chance on earth. The American public have a kick against the undertaker for not planting the 'Kid' deep down in the hole which he dug with his disipation. McCoy, the most wonderful of all latter-day pugilists, has gone by forever as a fistie prodigy.

—Exchange.

Maybe, but wait! McCoy is busily engaged just at present handing over the wrappers on his bankroll to a coterie of bookmakers, who find pleasure and profit in viewing his attempt to beat the horses. Sooner or later the "Kid" will be convinced that this is harder than pushing a freight car and then he will get back to his own game of fighting. I think it is in him yet to beat a lot of big fellows who think they ought to be champions.

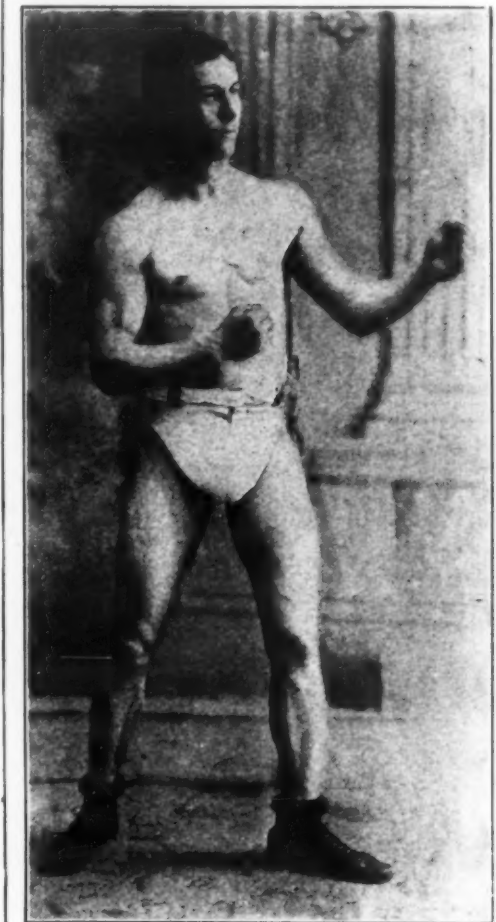
SAM AUSTIN.

BEN JORDAN AND HIS FIGHTS

England's Only Premier in the Pugilistic Division.

BY SAM C. AUSTIN.—No. 28.

Ben Jordan is the one champion who is able to uphold England's pugilistic traditions. Whether or not he would be able to attach the title of champion to his name after fighting Young Corbett or Terry McGovern is a matter of conjecture, but he has not yet had an opportunity to test his capabilities in the ring with either of these two celebrities and consequently enjoys the distinction of being England's pugilistic idol by



BEN JORDAN.

reason of the victories he has gained over the best men of his weight in that country. Class, however, is at quite a premium over there, and there is little in the "form charts" to justify comparison between the men he has conquered and those who have gone down under the doughty fists of the two Americans above named.

If we make a comparison through Jordan's fights with George Dixon, whom he defeated, and Eddie Santry, of Chicago, who defeated him, the palm must be awarded to Terry McGovern, who knocked Santry out in three rounds, and according to this mode of reasoning Corbett, who defeated McGovern twice, stands pre-eminently superior to Jordan, but the latter refuses to have his claim as a champion based solely upon his single defeat by Santry, and has manifested a disposition to fight Young Corbett whenever and wherever the latter pleases. After Young Corbett defeated McGovern the second time an effort was made by Alec Greggains, of San Francisco, to secure the match for his club and Jordan assented when he was approached with the proposition, but a hitch occurred somewhere and the negotiations fell through, temporarily, we hope.

Jordan has demonstrated one thing pretty conclusively and that is that he is a fighter above the average. He has not done as much fighting as an average third rater would do over here, but that is because the opportunities in England for engaging in bouts are not as plentiful as they are over here.

Jordan is 32 years old at the present time, having been born at Bermondsey, April 1, 1871. He first came into prominence by beating "Darkey" Wallace in six rounds, and subsequently Fred Johnson, from whom he acquired the title of England's featherweight champion. It was shortly after his victory over Johnson that the National Sporting Club of London decided to get a line on him for a probable match with George Dixon and selected Tommy White, of Chicago, as the medium of the test. Clever as White was he was no match for the young Briton and was beaten. Then Eddie Curry, who had done more or less sparring with Dixon, was sent to England to try Jordan out, but he didn't last as long as White and was beaten in sixteen rounds. Climatic conditions, however, were said to have been responsible for Curry's defeat.

Well, after these two victories nothing could keep Jordan away from Dixon and the title of world's champion, which the latter then held. Jordan came over in time to see Dixon shape up in a twenty-round bout with Eddie Santry. He saw Dixon win all right, but he wasn't much impressed by Dixon's style of going, and after the fight said, "Well, if that's the best he can do I'll beat him sure!" and beat him he did.

Everybody called him a "wonder," but his career in America was short lived, for after Santry dropped him he went back to England disconsolate and sore over the unfortunate termination of his trip.

A match between Jordan and Young Corbett is the only international match of interest that can be arranged. Here is a chance for some of the big match-makers who are looking for attractions.

NEXT WEEK—KID LAVIGNE.

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KID ABEL of Chicago.

He is Ready to Box any 122-5 pound Boxer in the Business. Address Editor Police Gazette.

away quicker than any boxer that ever lived, while Jeffries, a fair boxer, can hit harder than any man that ever stepped into a ring.

Corbett believes he is more clever to-day and stronger than when he faced John L. This is undoubtedly true. Corbett is naturally clever. He can't lose much of his wonderful speed and cleverness with hand and foot until his vitality begins to fade away, and there are few who believe that he is on the declining road just yet.

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Reader, Cleveland.—Send 15 cents for rules on quail pitching.

F. P. G., Leavenworth, Kan.—Better apply in person to some training stable.

Reader, Danville, Va.—Life of McGovern has not been published. Send two-cent stamp for list of our books.

G. R., Dayton, O.—Can the opponent player in a four-handed game of euchre order up without a trump?Yes.

L. S., Durand.—1. The reply given by the *Detroit Free Press* is precisely correct. 2. There is no precedent for it.

C. V. S., Stillwater, Okla.—No. You would be "pie" for the foot-racing crooks. Better keep out of that game.

J. R., Hartford, Conn.—Give me the address of the *New York Clipper*.....51 West Twenty-eighth street, New York city.

Subscriber, Green Bay.—At Chicago did not Tug Wilson knock down John L. Sullivan?.....No. They never boxed in Chicago.

S. E., Brooklyn.—Let me know at what closing odds Reina, with O'Connor up, won the Brooklyn Handicap in 1902?.....50 to 1.

P. S., Smuggler, Cal.—State where the most correct English is spoken?.....English is well spoken in every English speaking country.

J. H., Brooklyn.—I would like to hear from some of the 105-pound boys in the boxing business.....What do you want to hear from them about?

H. E., New York.—Poker dice; Hugh throws three deuces and two aces; Ernest throws three threes and two fours. Who wins?.....Ernest wins.

P. R., Elmira, N. Y.—A bets B that Team No. 1 will win; B bets A that Team No. 1 would not win; the game came out tie. Who wins?.....A loses.

F. P. W., Monticello, Ark.—Seven-up; A and B are both five; A makes high, game; B makes low, jack; which is entitled to the game?.....Low, Jack wins.

S. E. C., Loleta, Pa.—Can one man own more than one saloon in each county?.....1. Depends upon your State law. 2. Your doctor can best advise you.

E. H. G., Seattle, Wash.—Favor me with Young Corbett's measurements?.....Write to Harry Pollack; his manager. Address, St. James Building, New York city.

J. M., Cleveland, O.—Three men playing seven-up; A is dealer and has one to go; B begs and has two to go; C, the third player, has one to go; is A allowed to give?.....No.

J. W. B., O'Fallon, Ill.—Have you any record of Annie Oakley breaking 985 clay pigeons, with a twenty-two caliber rifle shooting a single ball, out of a possible 1,000 birds?.....No.

J. N., Cut Bank, Mont.—Give me information in regard to a double-deck game of pinochle and also how many cards are used?.....Two decks from the seven to the ace. Sixty-four cards.

F. B., Falls Creek, Pa.—Is Cole Younger allowed to go out of the State of Minnesota?.....Believe so. Better write to the Superintendent of Pardons, Prison Department, St. Paul, Minn.

A. S., Newman, Cal.—A and B are playing seven-up; A deals; B begs; A runs cards; clubs trumps, and he turns up clubs again, it is the Jack; does it count?.....Yes, Jack always counts.

P. C., Reno, Nev.—A and B are playing casino; A builds eight; B can't take it; A then rebuilds eight to nine; B bets he cannot under any circumstances rebuild his own build?.....He cannot do it.

A. S., Fond du Lac, Wis.—Seven-up; I sat at left of dealer and clubs turned; I begged and he run the cards and turns Jack of clubs; can he count Jack of clubs a point?.....Yes, Jack always counts.

R. E. McC., Baltimore, Md.—In a game of auction pitch; A has two to go; B has one to go; A bids two and makes low, game; B has only one to go and makes high; who goes out first?.....B wins.

J. A. S., Easton.—Two are playing a game of pitch, seven points out; each has six points; one buys for three and makes high, Jack and game; the man that sold holds low. Who goes out first?.....Bidder.

Subscriber, Chicago.—A bets B that in pinochle you cannot look at the bottom card in cutting; B says that you can?.....You cannot look at the bottom card in two-handed game. But you may in a three or four-handed game.

H. H. F., Pawtucket, R. I.—A, B and C are playing a game of auction pitch, bid to board; A has one to go, so has B; A is dealing; B bids two; A refuses and plays his hand; he makes high and game; B makes the low; who wins?.....A wins.

E. J. B., Mullian, Idaho.—A drilling contest; A (one of the contestants) bets that he will beat any local team; after drilling there is a tie between him and one of the local teams; does A win or lose?.....A loses if he stipulated that the team would win.

C. H., Greensburg, Ind.—In a game of three-handed seven-up, A deals the cards; B begs and the cards are run; B has four times; A and C want to run the cards or bunch them under protest by B; A and C claim they have the right to run the cards or bunch

them. Which is right, does B make four points or has A and C got a right to run or bunch the cards?.....B makes four points.

H. F. B., Columbus, O.—Game of whist; A, B, C and D are players; A leads hearts; B follows suit; C trumps, still holding hearts; C then leads hearts; D and A follow suit when the renage is called, the trick still laying on board; A claims it is not a renage because the

makes high, pedro; the man with 27 points makes low, Jack, last. Which man goes out first? Suppose in the same case one man has 6 points to go, he bid 8 points and made them, and the other man has 2 points to go and he made high low?.....1. Low, Jack wins. 2. High, low wins.

W. C., Spencer, Mass.—A, B, C and D are playing auction pitch, bid to the board, the game being 10 points; A is 9; B 8; C 6; D 4; C is dealing; B bids 3 and pitches; he makes high, low and game, putting him out; but A, who was 9, saved the Jack, making him 10 also. Who wins?.....B wins, as his two natural points go out before the Jack.

W. D., Louisville, Ky.—The shortest game of baseball of nine innings on record was played in Luverne, Ala. in August, 1902, by Luverne and Dothan, and the entire time consumed was only 43 minutes by the watch, and the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of Luverne at the end of the ninth inning.—Thanks to F. H. Singleton.

You can get a handsome set of Yucatan kid, hair filled boxing gloves free by sending in \$4.75 for one year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE.

F. H. S., Schaller, Ia.—In a horse race where several teams are contesting two tie for first money and belt; one of the teams refuse to run off tie; who is entitled to money and belt? If said tie had been run off would these two teams get first and second money?.....1. One which refuses to run off forfeits first money and belt. 2. They are then entitled to second money.

J. N., New Brunswick, N. J.—A, B, C and D are playing draw poker; they all discard and after they all draw cards the dealer is just about to put the deck out of his hands when A discovers that the dealer has given him four cards instead of three that he called for; A has not looked at his hand or raised it off the table, but



Photo by Duclos: Nashua, N. H.

HECTOR PRINCE.

A Strong Man of Manchester, N. H., Doing a Lift of 2,538 Pounds. He issues a Challenge to Anyone at 142 pounds. Address all answers to the Editor of the Police Gazette.

trick had not been taken off the board; B claims renage because two or three cards of the next trick have been played. Who is right?.....It is a revoke.

Discharged, Fort Keogh, Mont.—Can you tell me to whom I should address a communication as an applicant for the position of policeman at the St. Louis World's Fair?.....Superintendent, Department of Safety, St. Louis Exhibition, St. Louis, Mo.

H. H., Shelbyville, Ky.—Five men are playing pitch; one man is 8 points and bids 1; one other man is 8 also and he bids 2 on ace and Jack; the first man plays low and claims he is out; the other man plays ace and Jack and makes his two. Who won?.....Ace and Jack.

Col. Bill, Jersey City.—When Col. Bill won his first race at Morris Park fall meeting last year was he not then a winner of four races in succession at Morris Park, although he won his other races in succession at other meetings previously?.....He did not win four in succession at Morris Park.

H. L., Independence, Cal.—Give me the decision or rule over the following game: If two persons are playing single pedro, 12 points, high 1, low 1, Jack 3, game 1, pedro 5, last 1, makes the 12 points, last means the last trick; one man has 27 points and the other 26; 30 points is out; the man who has 26 points gives 2 and

he did not discover that he had six cards until after every other player had received their cards.....He can let the dealer take one of his cards.

W. C., Duluth, Minn.—Two men shake dice which we call Klondyke or California; B shakes first, the first throw he shakes two aces and one six; the second throw he shakes two treys, which makes him four treys, he still has one more shake; can he take up the six and shake for five treys?.....Yes.

R. A., Brooklyn.—Six men playing Jack-pots; a pot is opened, two staying with openers; each draw three cards; opener bets a chip; next man picks up cards, but does not look at them, then says, "Hold on, I think I have got too many cards;" opener says hand is dead; the other better says, "No, I only asked for three and got four, but did not look at them, therefore hand is not dead;" opener bets that as he picked cards up hand was dead, whether or not he looked at them?.....Opener wins the pot, as the other hand is dead if he picked up his cards.

L. & S., Pueblo, Col.—In a five-handed poker game I was first say in a Jack-pot; I passed; next man passed but the third man opened it and the dealer stayed; I backed in on a pair of Jacks and drew three cards; the man that opened it stood pat and bet and the dealer passed and threw his hand in the deck; I made Jacks and deuces and called him; he thought he had a straight but had from four to nine. What is to be done under such circumstances?.....You win the pot, but the man who opened it puts up the amount of original pot as a penalty and it is played for by all.

SMALL TALK ABOUT BOXERS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning the Doings of the Fighters.

George Gardiner will open a saloon in Chicago.

"Kid" Lavigne is running a boxing school in Paris.

Joe Gans has made \$30,000 during the past six months out of the boxing game.

Bob Fitzsimmons has declined an offer of a \$5,000 purse to box Joe Choynski in Dawson City.

Mose La Fontaine will retire from the ring. He has had enough of fighting, so he says.

Johanny Mack, the manager of Hughey Murphy, is anxious to make a match with Martin Canole at 128 pounds.

Nick Burley is the hero of Dawson City, Alaska, since he defeated Joe Choynski, and has agreed to meet the Californian again.

Johanny Mack of Tammany A. C., has practically arranged another bout between Bob Armstrong and Denver Ed Martin.

Young Corbett is going to San Francisco to see the Corbett-Jeffries contest, and while on the coast will meet some good featherweight.

Jimmy Handler, the middleweight boxer, has returned from abroad where he had but one battle. He says the purses offered are too small.

Terry McGovern attends the races every day and owns a few thoroughbreds of which Cincinnati is the best. He will not box again until September.

Barney Aaron, the veteran pugilist, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. Aaron says he is feeling as well as ever and that there are few men of his age who can lick him.

Jack Root, who says that he was fouled repeatedly by George Gardiner in their recent bout, wants another meeting with Gardiner. It is hard to satisfy Root that he is not in Gardiner's class.

Artie Simms of Akron, O., who has not been doing any fighting to speak of for the past two months, is ready to meet any of the lightweights. Simms has a preference for Willie Fitzgerald or Willie Lewis.

The boxing game is in a flourishing condition in California. The receipts of the show held recently by the San Francisco A. C., at which Eddie Hanlon and Benny Yanger fought their twenty-round draw, amounted to \$7,914.

Jack Root is considering a trip to England. Root has been anxious to go abroad for years, but could not find the time. He says that when he reaches the other side he intends to throw down the gauntlet to Jack Palmer or Dido Plumb.

While pugilism has received a black eye in Butte, Mont., because of Mayor Mullin's edict, it should not be taken for granted that there will be no more fights in that State. On the contrary, it is simply probable that the game will be switched to some other city, Great Falls or Helena.

JOHNNY WHITE'S GOOD FIGHT.

In a whirling, slashing six-round wind-up Johnny White, the colored cyclone, bested "Kid" Beebe at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, July 16. Not only did White force the fighting in five of the six rounds, but he also had the "Kid" very tired in the second and third rounds, when his advantage over the white lad was clearly evident to the spectators.

The colored boy fought like a streak to the very finish. Beebe appeared somewhat off in his work and, barring the fourth round, which was clearly in his favor, he was guilty of several stupid boxing blunders. The "Kid" left many an opening and also let many a chance get away to get in a telling punch on his opponent.

The fourth was a hummer. Beebe, evidently seeing the inevitable defeat before him, started out in a vicious manner. White was in a fierce, aggressive mood and the two came together like a pair of rams. The three minutes went at a terrific clip, with Beebe having all the better of the milling. The "Kid" got home one solid punch early in the round which had a visible effect on White, who, however, fought back savagely.

HERE'S MEXICAN PETE AGAIN.

"Mexican Pete" Everett, who has been wanting to fight the big fellows, has bobbed up again. He has a manager now, a Mexican gentleman of the name of Juan Martinez, whose address is 97 Alameda street, City of Mexico, who writes as follows:

"I am willing to back 'Mexican Pete' Everett against the winner of the Jeffries-Corbett fight for \$10,000 a side, providing the fight takes place in the City of Mexico. I will post a forfeit in the First National Bank of that city or in any other bank in this country, the understanding being that the fight is to take place within two months of signing articles and that the winner is to take all."

Martinez says that he is Pete's manager, and explains that the bars are down in Mexico so far as pugilism is concerned. He says Pete is willing to fight with or without gloves, and either a limited bout or to the bitter end. Possibly the boom Aurelia Herrera's stock is experiencing just now has imbued Martinez with the notion that it is a good time to press the claims of Mexican bruisers generally.

DO YOU BOX?

Prof. Muldoon is a great trainer of athletes. He tells you how he does it in the "Police Gazette Book on Boxing." 25 cents.

NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT--A Fine Halftone Reproduction of the Sensational Horse of the Year



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TEDDY MALONEY.



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PADDY DORRELL.



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HARRY STOUT.

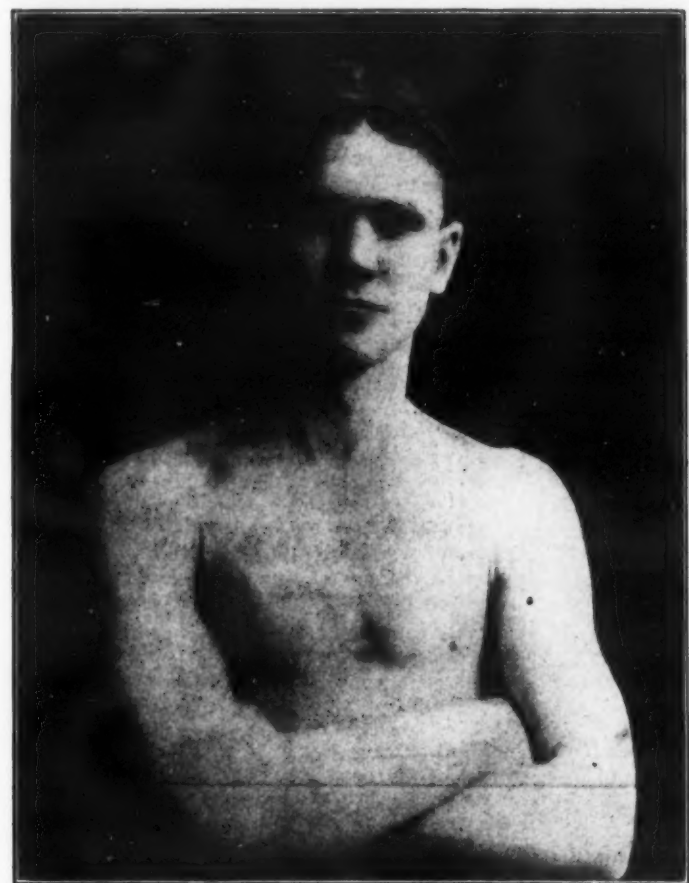


Photo by Gore: Milwaukee.

KID SAYERS.



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JOE CRAWFORD.



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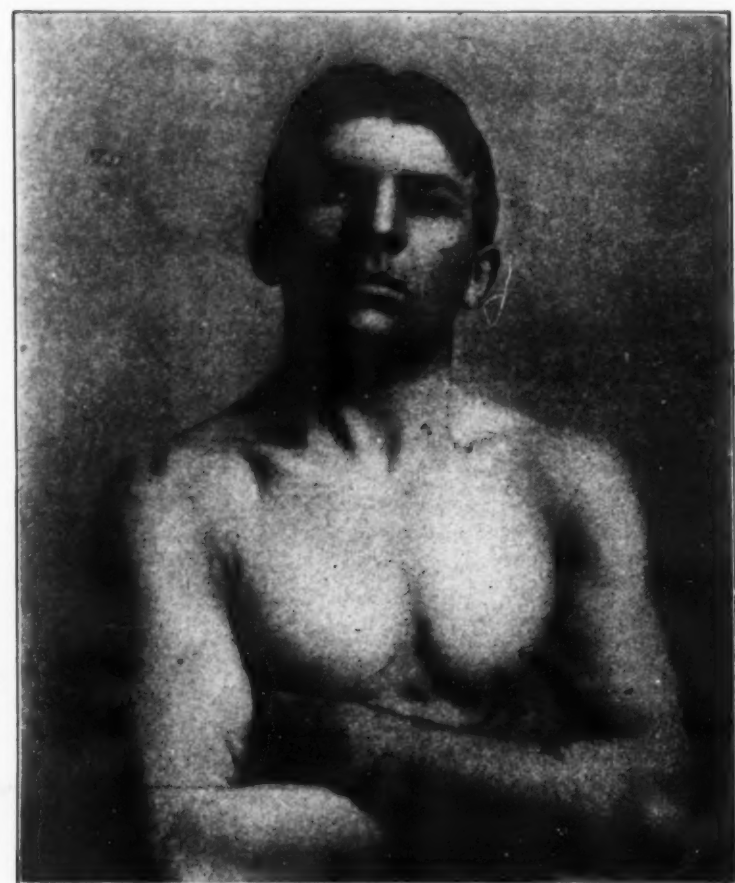


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HARRY KLINK.



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JACK DOUGHERTY.



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AL BRIGHT.



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BILL (ADONIS) TERRY.

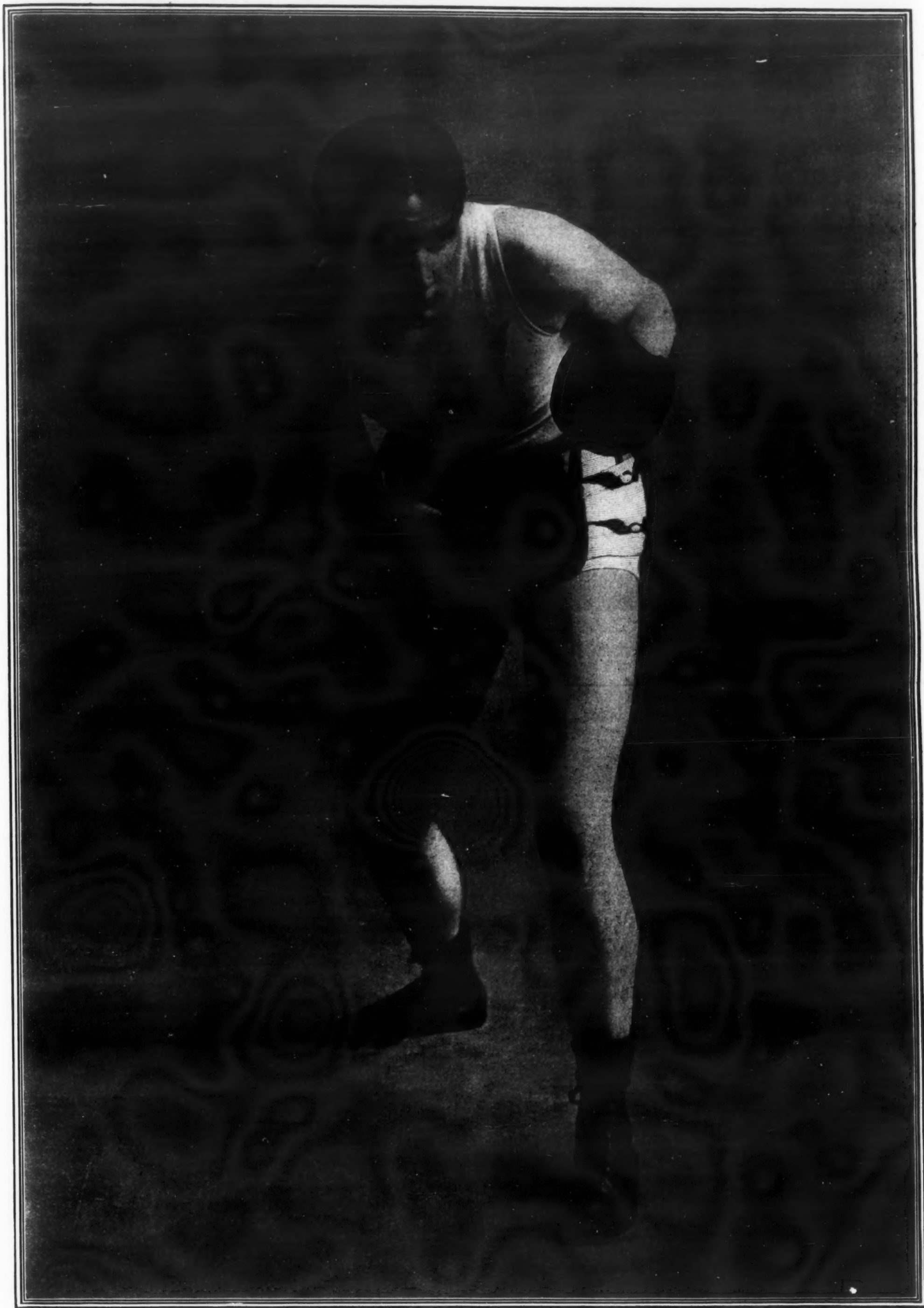


Photo by Klein & Guttentag: Milwaukee.

PASTY (DASHER) FERRITER.

MILWAUKEE SPORTING MEN.

A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF MEN WHO ARE WELL KNOWN IN THE MIDDLE WEST.



JIMMY BRITT.

THE INTREPID CALIFORNIA LIGHTWEIGHT WHO MEETS JACK O'KEEFE IN 'FRISCO
ON JULY 31, AND IS WELL BACKED BY THE WESTERN SPORTS.

SALOONMEN OF PROMINENCE

Send in New Drinks for the "Police Gazette" Medal.



W. F. Reed, of 309 Hanover street, Baltimore, Md., is the owner of a well-furnished cafe at the above place which is a popular resort with the sports of the Monumental City. Mr. Reed has many years experience as a saloonist and is a favorite with the sporting fraternity and a great admirer of athletics.

Gold Medals \$150 Drink Mixers

If you are at all ambitious you certainly ought to want to win a medal, and if you are at all energetic you will certainly try.

It isn't every day you have a chance like this, and if you are at all wise you will take full advantage of it.

It is a very simple proposition, when you come to look it over, and one in which the advantage is all on your side.

Here it is:

You write out a good recipe—new, of course—for some kind of a drink, and then you send it to this office, where it goes on file.

That recipe which is considered the best by the experts who decide is awarded the first prize. That means a \$75 medal for you if you happen to be the author of that particular recipe.

You have three chances, anyhow.

Here are the three prizes:

First Prize—\$75.00 Gold Medal.

Second Prize—\$50.00 Gold Medal.

Third Prize—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

We do not ask you to spend any money to compete.

We do not ask you to cut out any coupons.

We do not even ask you to subscribe or buy the paper.

But, of course, if you are interested in sports, you will want the best paper in the world on the subject, and that is the POLICE GAZETTE.

If you don't think so, don't take it.

But if you take it regularly you will keep posted on many new recipes, for there is one or more published in this column every week.

Of course, you know all about the wrestling book by this time. It is by George Bothner, the lightweight champion, and contains seventy full page illustrations. You send \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks and it is yours—free, of course.

We published a great "Bartenders' Guide," which is given as a premium upon receipt of \$1 for the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks.

FIDELITY PUNCH.

(By Bert L. Fisher, 3528 Nat. Bridge Road, St. Louis.)

Take toddy glass; two lumps loaf sugar; half a lemon, mash well; two lumps of ice; one-half pony of Vermouth; one dash cherry juice, one pony whisky; add fruit; fill up with seltzer.

THE COOLER.

(By W. G. Earnshaw, Hotel Berkeley, Martinsburg, W. Va.)

Large bar glass, one-half full of cracked ice; seven dashes lime juice; teaspoonful of sugar; white of one egg; one-half jigger Madiera wine; one-half jigger wild cherry syrup; fill glass with Rhine wine; shake fast until cold; strain in large glass; fill with seltzer and serve.

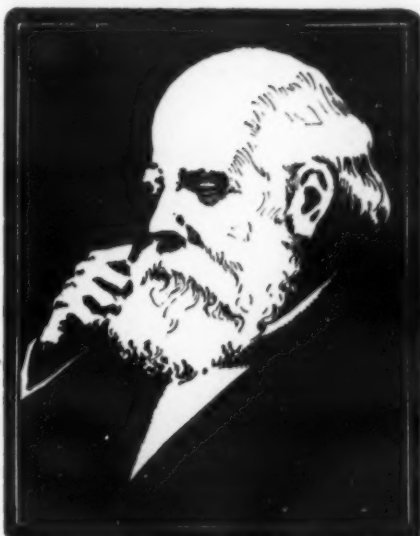
I CURE SYPHILIS

I Have Discovered the Marvelous Secret of Nature and I Give It Free to You.

My Mysterious Compound Startles the World With Its Wonderful Cures—With This Marvelous Secret No Man or Woman Need Suffer From Syphilis and It Is My Mission on Earth Henceforth to Restore All Suffering Men and Women to Perfect Health.

Send No Money—Simply Send Your Name and Address and This Marvelous Compound Will be Sent to You by Return Mail, Prepaid, Absolutely Free.

I have found the marvelous secret of Nature in restoring perfect health to men and women suffering from syphilis, in any stage. To me it has been given to bring to the weary, sore, worn-out brothers and sisters the knowledge of this priceless boon, and even to the uttermost ends of the earth I send my message of



"No Man is Lost—There is a Sure Cure for Syphilis."—Dr. Ferris.

love and peace and hope and help. Unbelievers may scoff and cry "fake," but I heed them not. My work has just begun and I am saving men.

The secret of this mighty healing power, this marvelous fluid is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me, but I give to every man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to perfect health. With this marvelous mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible to heal at once the awful sores, clear the complexion of the copper spots, dry up the mucous patches, heal the ulcers and leave the body clean and healthy and wholesome. With this mysterious compound no man or woman will ever again be troubled with syphilis or any of its evil effects.

Remember it matters not what stage your case may be in. It matters not how long you have had it, how you got it or when you got it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or medicinal method of treatment, but it is the vital life spark itself, and it matters not how many remedies or doctors have failed I have repeatedly and instantly cured the worst old cases, healed the sores and caused the mucous patches, copper colored spots, and other evidences of this terrible poison to disappear like magic. My secret compound never fails, and its cures are lasting; never again are any of my people troubled with Syphilis. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 8014 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every person suffering from syphilis to send to me and I will forward by first mail, prepaid, a package of my marvelous discovery. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, and yet I seek not fame or glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men to the enjoyment of perfect health and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

SALOON SUPPLIES.

If You Want Everything Clean and Bright, Try

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND METAL POLISH.

Pound box 25c. at Druggists and Dealers.

SOUTHERN CLUB PUNCH.

(By Frank L. Twombly, Manager Southern Club, Oklahoma City, Okla.)

Use large mixing glass; crush with muddler two squares sugar in water; fill glass one-half full of water; put in shaved ice, but leave room for the following: Juice of one-half lemon (use your judgment); one-third jigger Curacao; three dashes Jamaica rum; one jigger rye whiskey; stir well and strain into punch glass, where one-half slice orange has been placed; squeeze orange peel on top, but don't put peel in glass; serve with two straws.

MISCELLANEOUS.

10 in. ELECTRIC FAN for \$17.50
Complete with 12 yards of cord and Dry Battery in case. Runs from 400 to 500 hours on one charge.
15 in. Ceiling Fan 110 volts \$19.35
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Send for catalogue No. 4 of electrical supplies, fans, dynamos, gas engines, etc.
L. W. GILLESPIE & CO.
215 East 4th Street, Marion, Indiana

Fun--Magic Bill Book.
The slickest thing out. Get one and you'll have them all guessing. Bills placed in the Magic Bill Book change from one side to the other in a mysterious way. No one can explain it. Substantially made and will last a lifetime.
Price 10c. each; 3 for 25c. J. F. Fowell, Waukegan, Ill.

LITTLE EGYPT Dancing the Hoochy-Koochy
Showing original movements as given by the famous dancer in real life. Don't let your best girl see it! Great fun to watch it while in motion. Send for one today with our big Catalogue, 10 cents 3 for 25c. Armstrong Pub. Co., Sta. B, 297 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

LOVE CHARM How to make anyone love you with true & everlasting love. Safe, sure and harmless, for old or young. Acts quickly. Full secret 10c. (silver). **ARMSTRONG SUPPLY CO.,** No. 506 Austin St., Chicago

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES up-to-date SPECIALTIES. enclose 2c. stamp for reply. Box 723, N. Y. City.

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\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

George Bothner, lightweight champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" silver belt, has written one of the best and most useful books ever published on wrestling. It has seventy page illustrations. Order it now. Price, 25 cents; this office.

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ODOR CURE A positive Remedy for Sweaty Feet and Armpits. Will relieve the trouble in 4 applications. Perfectly harmless. \$1.00 a box. Address: **ODOR CURE CO.,** Lock Box 32, Wolcott, Ind.

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Young Widow, age 23, with \$10,000; lady, 20, \$50,000; lady, 25, \$15,000; blonde, 18, cash and beautiful farm. I seek honorable husbands for these. Confidential. Address Mrs. W., 697 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY 10,000 MANY RICH, MANY FREE. STANDARD COR. CLUB, Sta. B, Chicago, Ill.

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6-SLOT ROULETTE EQUAL TO FOUR OR FIVE ORDINARY SLOT MACHINES. WRITE TO FORN NOVELTY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

OWLS \$15; Owl Jrs. \$14; Detroit \$38; Musicals \$60; Pucks \$35. Box 121, Sandusky, O.

Dewey's \$40; Brownies \$14; Owls \$15; Musical Puck \$40. Sloan Novelty Co., 900 Girard Ave., Philadelphia.

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\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,** Box 840, Detroit, Mich.

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Made of fine leather and furnished with a first quality bladder of rubber. A superior bag in every way.

Free to You upon receipt of \$4.75 for one year's subscription to the

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GAZETTE

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Franklin Square, New York.

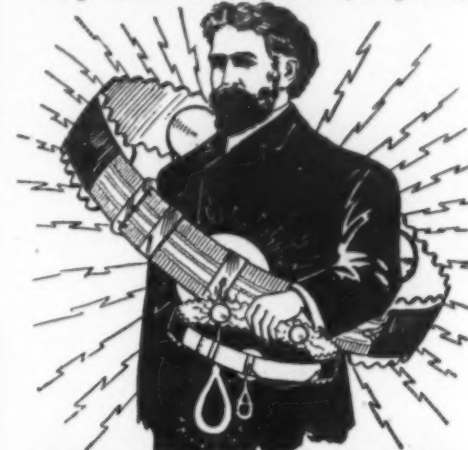
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ELECTRIC BELT SENT FREE

To all Men who Write to the Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul.

Just send your name and address plainly written and they will send their great "Electro-Chemic Belt" without one cent of cost to you. It is yours for the asking. Not even necessary to send postage stamp.



GOOD AS ANY ELECTRIC BELT IN THE WORLD.

The Heidelberg Medical Institute, capitalized at \$100,000, is the Largest and Richest Medical Institute in the Northwest and is giving away thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power. The Great "Electro-Chemic" Belt will restore you to health and happiness. 18,976 ailing men recently restored to vim, vigor and perfect manhood. It quickly cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lamé Back, Nervous Exhaustion, Varicose, Failing Vitality, Kidney Troubles, Liver, Stomach and Sexual Diseases, General Weakness, Lost Nerve Force and many other ailments. It is worth from \$20 to \$50 to any one. It is given away absolutely free by the master specialist to all those who need the one great curative agent, electricity. "SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, CURED AT LAST."

CASE 1788. Eighteen years ago I first noticed symptoms of nervous trouble that afterwards caused me great misery and suffering. I had pains in my back, and spent many restless nights. I had no control of my faculties, so that I was always at a disadvantage in what ever I undertook. I have been using the Electro-Chemic treatment of the Heidelberg Medical Institute about six weeks and I consider myself cured once more, and to be well worth all a man has. B. T. H.

REMEMBER The Belt is not sent on trial but is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. So write today for the Great Electro-Chemic Belt Free. Mention this paper. Address

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BIG C is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Gleet, Spermatorrhea, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-stinging. **THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.,** CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

ARE YOU A WEAK MAN?

The "Vienna" Discovery Sent Free. A large sample of the "Vienna" Discovery and books on marriage, etc., sent free. Results of Abuse, Drains, Lost Manhood, Weak and Undeveloped Organs cured by this wonderful discovery. Don't be a wreck. Enjoy the pleasure of life; we will open the way to you to be a man again. Write to-day at once. Correspondence confidential. Marriage Guide and other books sent FREE. W. C. Albert, Dept. 272, 130 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, the TASTELESS, CERTAIN and SAFE cure for unnatural or infectious discharges from urinary organs. Cures quicker than any other remedy. Causes no stricture. At druggists \$1.00, or by mail in sealed packages from **THE TARRANT COMPANY, 21 JAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.**

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Nerve force to small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. **DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 797 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich.,** gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

GONORRHEA or Gleet discharges stopped in 48 hours by Citrosandaleine capsules. Best remedy for men in trouble. Cure yourselves. Positive cure guaranteed in 5 days. By mail, \$1. The CITROSANDALENE CO., 66 Broadway, N. Y.

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This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75
Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with large Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$35.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent \$3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address **H. FARNER & CO.,** 25 & 28 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN Should be in the Possession of Every Up-to-date Boxer in the Country

OUR EXPERT TONSORIALISTS

If You Have a Record Send it in to
the "Police Gazette."



Thomas France, of 205 East Fortieth street, New York city, is a speedy tonsorialis and is out with a challenge to compete with any one, Joseph Calcagno preferred. He is considered by his many admirers a wonder with the shears, and it is doubtful if there is so youthful a tonsorialis in New York who can compete with him.

\$150 Three Gold Medals

Come on there if you want to win a gold medal. Also, come on there if you think you are a good barber.

Perhaps you don't know how good you are. Here is a chance to try yourself out. Send for an entry blank and try yourself out in your own shop.

You will not even be asked to subscribe to the best and most liberal sporting paper in the world.

Enough has been said about the medals in previous issues. Of course, you know they are of solid gold.

That goes without saying. Records go here and no favorites are played. But if the record of any contestant is considered doubtful he may be asked to repeat his performance before a committee appointed by the POLICE GAZETTE.

Here are the prizes and conditions:

First Prize—\$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.

Second Prize—\$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.

Third Prize—\$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.

BARBERS, ATTENTION!

Keep Posted. Our Complete Catalogue of FURNITURE AND SUPPLIES For 1903, is now ready, write for one. Prices and terms to suit all.

"AMERICA" HYDRAULIC CHAIRS THE BEST ON EARTH



AUGUST KERN BARBER SUPPLY CO.
22d and Chestnut Sts., ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

It is conceded that every barber who amounts to anything will be represented, and the men who are stationed at army posts are especially invited to try their skill for a medal.

Don't wait. Begin now. You can have as many entry blanks as you like. You can try as often as you wish, and your best record will go.

If you are not a barber you certainly need the services of one.

Send for entry blanks for him.

Encourage him to enter.

He may not know of this.

And now, barbers, what do you think of the contest?

Write a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE giving your views and enclosing your record.

If you are a home barber send for enough blanks for your employees.

If you have a champion in your shop you ought to know it.

The POLICE GAZETTE would like to receive the names and addresses of the secretaries of every barbers' union in America, in order that this contest may be made one of the greatest ever held.

I am a barber and a reader of your famous paper. I am interested in your contest and will try for a prize. I am the proprietor of the East End Tonsorialis Parlor, 211 East Broadway. ISSIE FRIEDMAN, New York.

I have made the following record: Shaved 35 men in half an hour; single shave 23 seconds; hair cut 2 minutes 10 seconds. I think Mr. Gallat, of Miami, Fla., will have to hustle if he wants to beat me.

R. SALDO, Sag Harbor.

Enclosed find my record made at my shop in the presence of witnesses and a large crowd. If I win one of your medals I will be willing to back myself against any barber in the world. PAUL M. DI MARZO, 478 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

In answer to a query recently sent to the POLICE GAZETTE by John Gall, a Brooklyn barber:

A man may send in any record he likes, whether it is true or not, but before the medals are awarded he will have to repeat his performance before three witnesses selected by Mr. Richard K. Fox. It is to be hoped that no barber will send in a fraudulent record, because it will avail him nothing.

I have been taking your paper for the last five years and I am interested in your contest. I send you a record of my work and I think I am a fast enough shaver to stand a chance for a medal. You will find enclosed \$1 for thirteen weeks' subscription.

I am willing to meet any barber in a contest at any time. I don't believe some of the records that are being made and I hope you will not allow yourself to be imposed on. I am conceded to be the fastest barber in Paterson, N. J. EMIL CECIL, 24 Essex Street.

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CRAP DICE \$3 CARDS, WHEELS, SPINDLES, ETC. Add. SMYTHE & TRINLETT QUINCY, ILL.

CLUB ROOM GOODS Roulette wheels, tables, layons, etc. Finest checks in U. S. Send for list. HARRIS & CO., 82 University Place, New York.

CLUB ROOM And Fair Ground goods of every description; also 100 varieties of Slot Machines. Send for catalogue before buying. Address OGDEN & CO., 99 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

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MARKED CARDS New work, \$1 per deck. Fine block-out inks, dice, hold-outs, etc. Catalogue free. F. Knauth, Eau Claire, Wis.

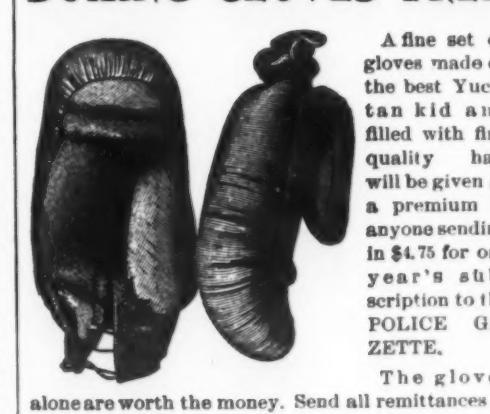
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CRAP DICE \$2. Marked Cards \$1. Inks, Holdouts, etc. Cat. free. Hamilton Mfg. Co., Newark, Mo.

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CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

Is the name sometimes given to what is generally known as the BAD DISEASE. It is not confined to dens of vice or the lower classes. The purest and best people are sometimes infected with this awful malady through handling the clothing, drinking from the same vessel, using the same toilet articles, or otherwise coming in contact with persons who have contracted it.

It begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eye brows and lashes fall out and, as the blood becomes more contaminated, copper colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

Our MAGIO CURE is a Specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in the worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will ruin you, and bring disgrace and disease upon your children for it can be transmitted from parent to child.

Write for our free home treatment book and learn all about contagious blood poison. If you want medical advice give us a history of your case, and our physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever.

We have a NEW SECRET REMEDY absolutely unknown to the profession. Permanent cures in 15 to 35 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guaranty. With those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or pay expense of coming, railroad and hotel bills, and make no charge.

If we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, mucous patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper-colored spots, ulcers on any parts of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this secondary blood poison we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our MAGIO CURE, and we have \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty.

WE CURE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY.

Our patients cured years ago by our Great Discovery, unknown to the profession, are today sound and well, and have healthy children since we cured them.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME AND MONEY experimenting. We have the ONLY cure. Absolute unchangeable proofs sent sealed on application. 100-page book free. NO BRANCH OFFICES. Address fully as follows:

Cook Remedy Co., 319 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

MEDICAL.

MEN ONLY CACTUS Enlarges small organs. CREAM Restores sexual ability. Cures nervous debility. Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong, strong men stronger. \$1.00 box. Sample box (one application only) 10¢. Silver. This month a \$1.00 box for 50¢. Perry Co., 25 Third Av., New York.

FREE. \$3 Worth of New Life FREE. **CELERY CURE.**

For all Sexual Difficulties, Lost Power, etc. Gives results in 10 minutes. Good for either weak or strong men. A new French Salve that never fails and an internal tonic. Pleasant, safe, sure. Full treatment \$4.00. This month a Four Dollar treatment will be sent, all charges prepaid, for One Dollar. Write to-day, Empire State Drug & Chemical Institute, 5 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

MEN ONLY If you feel played out or all run down USE COSMO SALVE. BEFORE - AFTER. It Develops and Strengthens and is the only agreeable ointment for outward use. This month a \$1.00 box for 50¢. Large sample for 10¢. Cosmo Salve Co., Dept. 13, 2528 Cedar St., Phila., Pa.

MEN RESULTS IN 5 MINUTES

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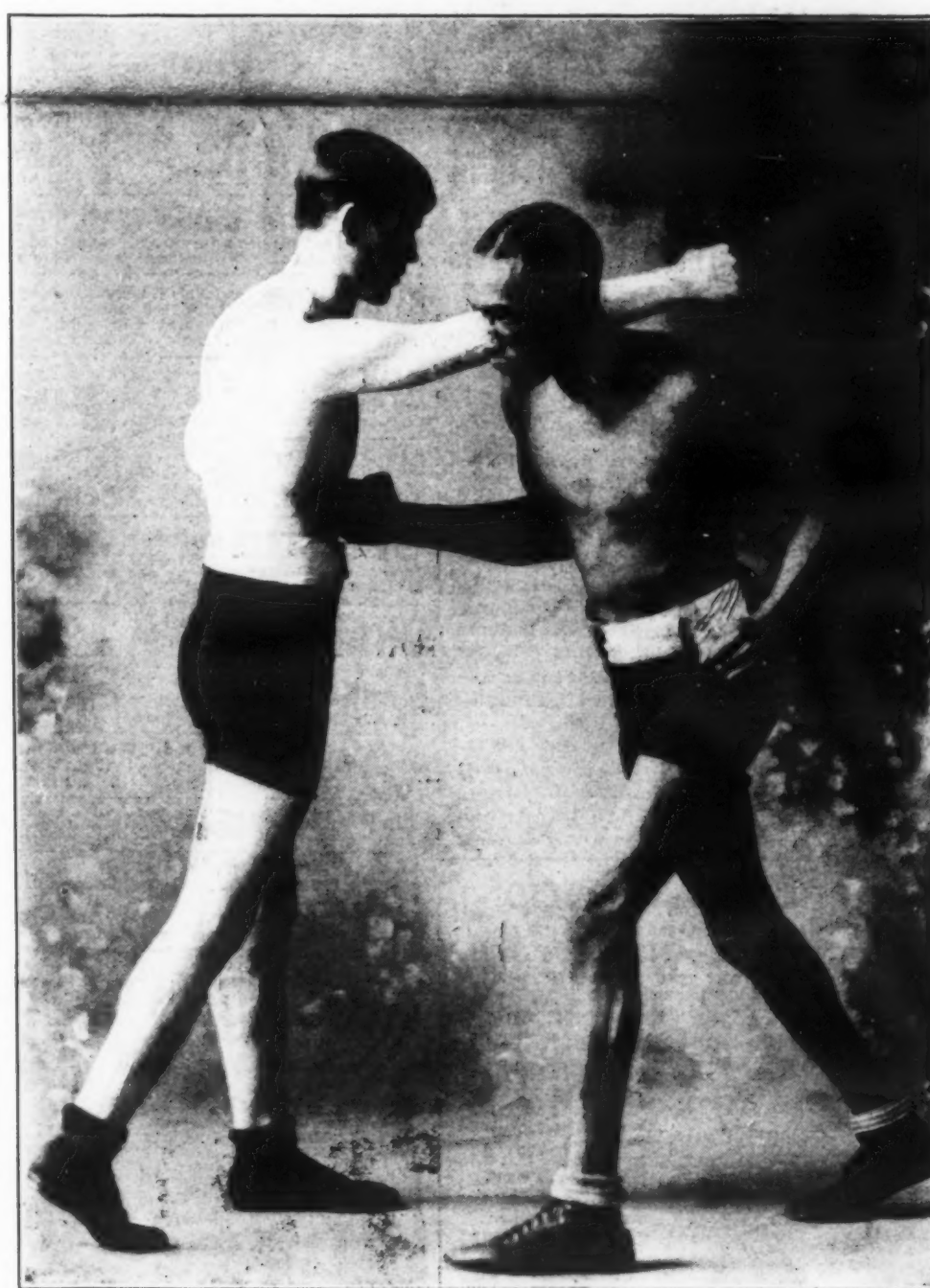
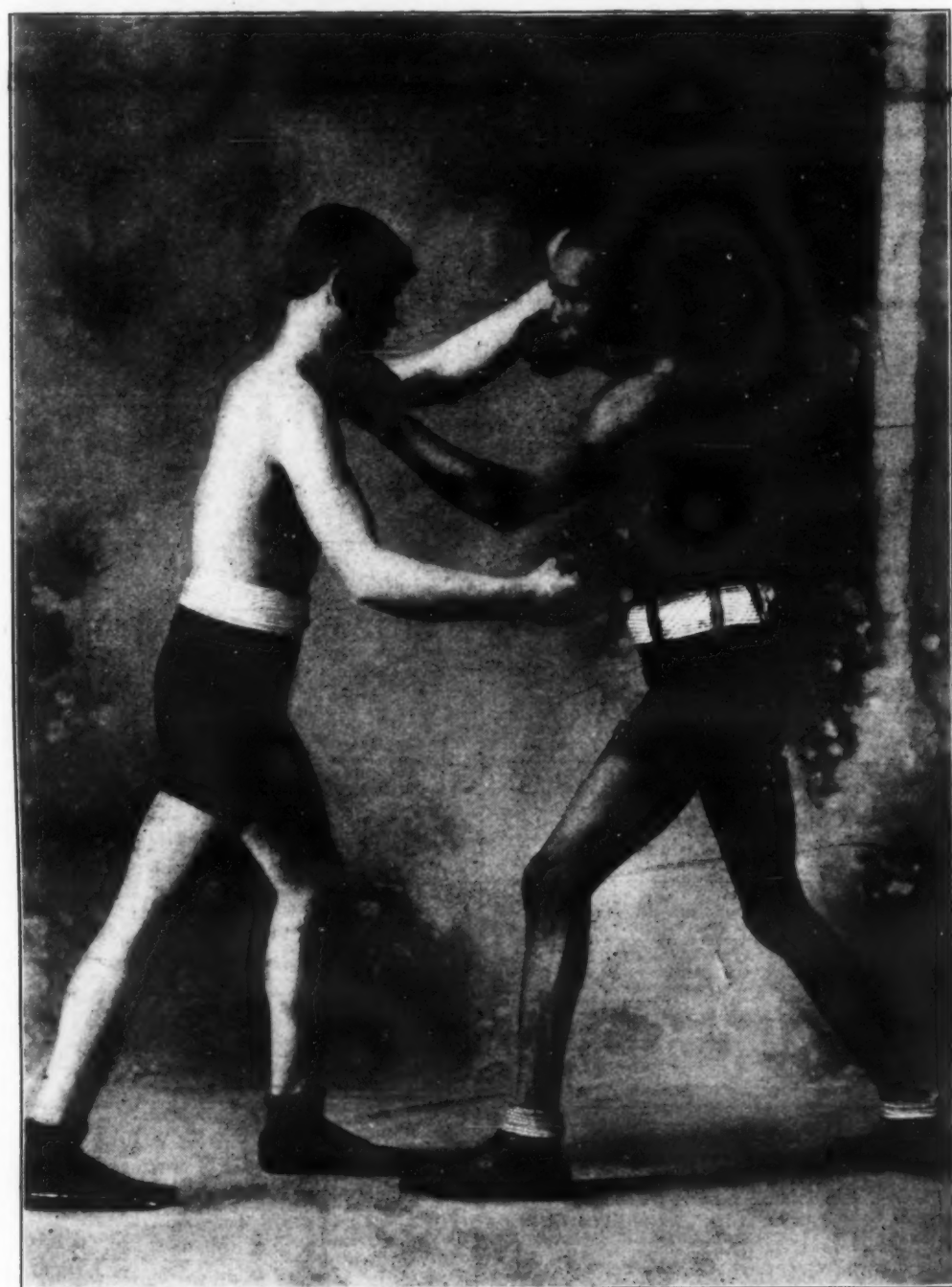
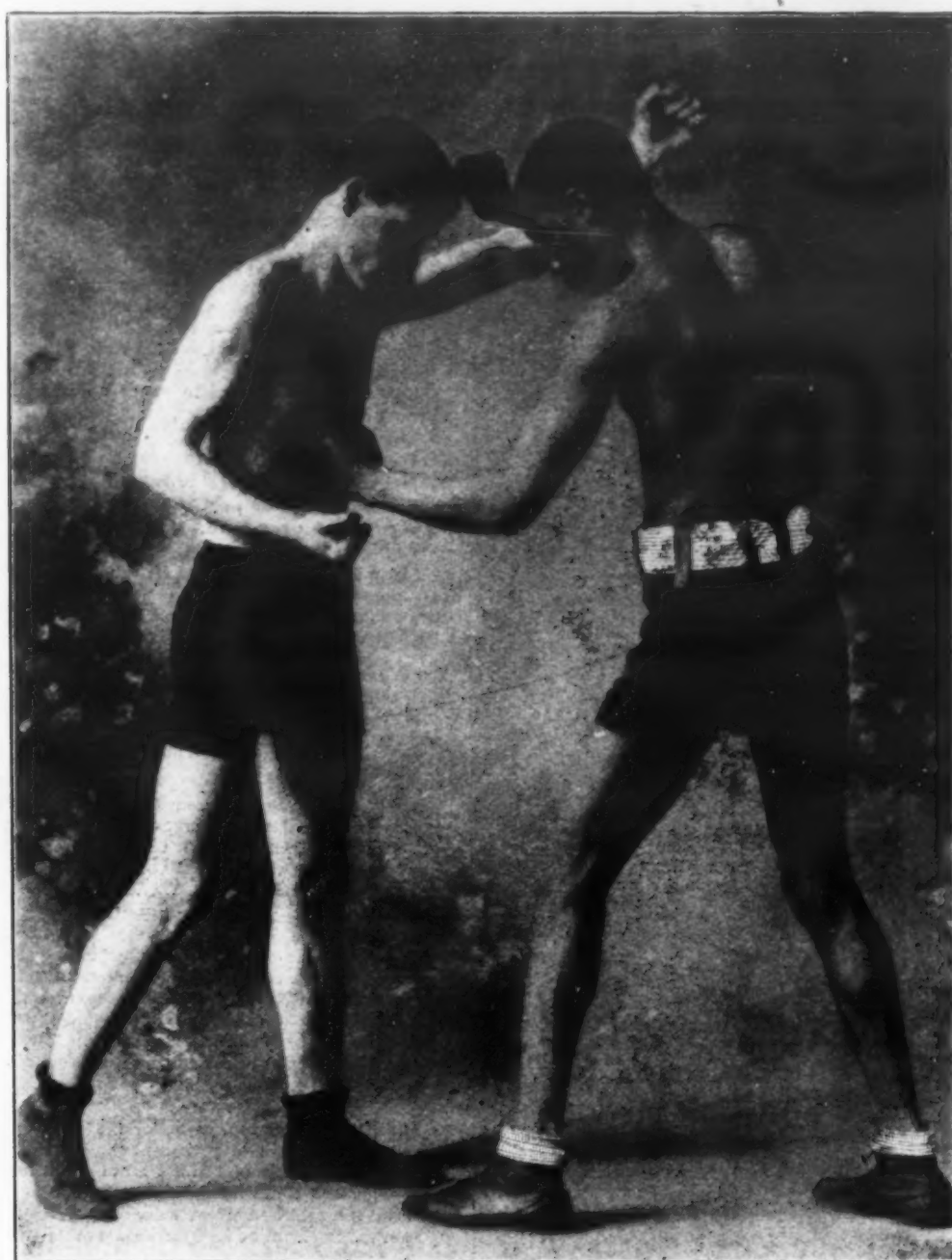
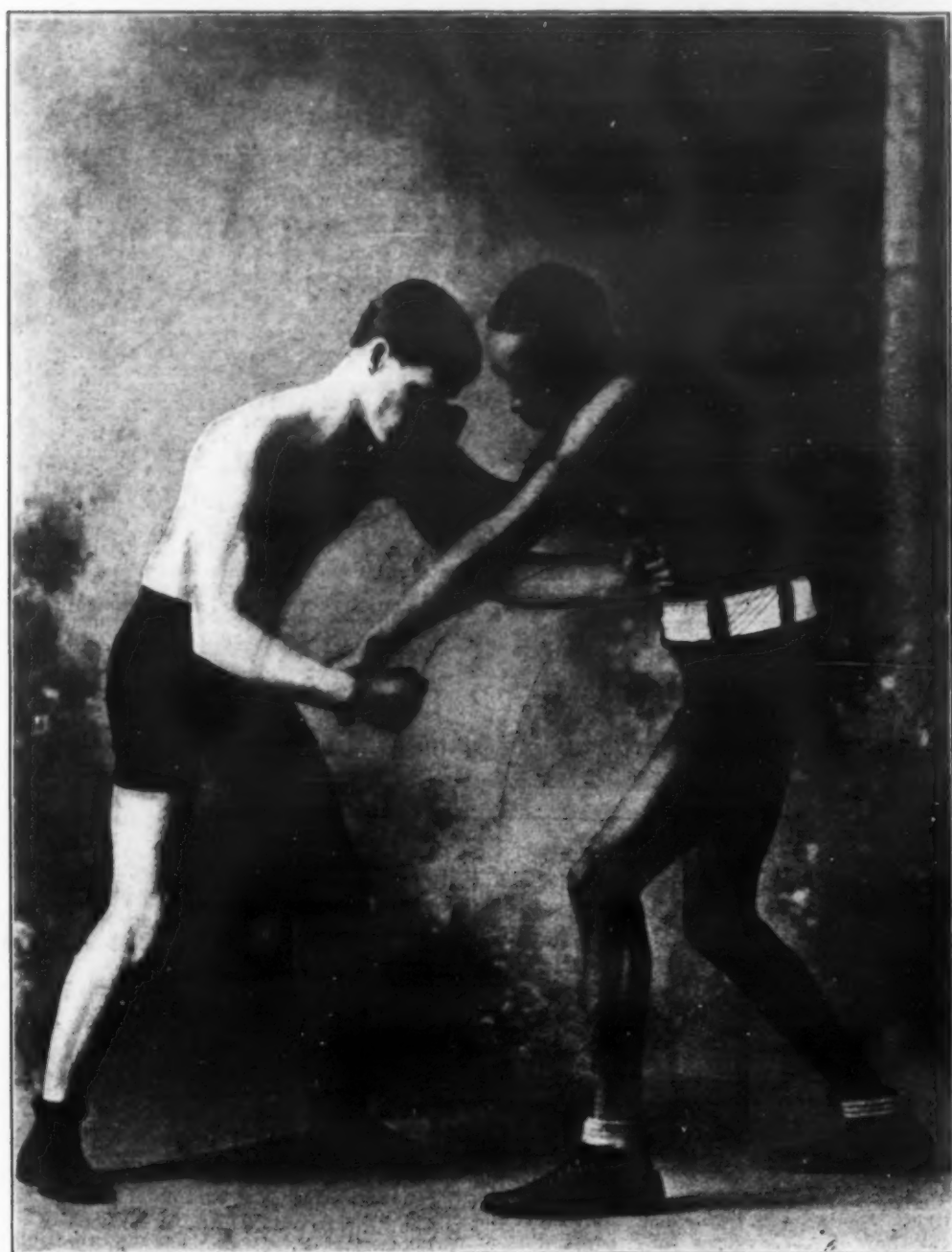
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SUPPLEMENT TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.



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